The land across the sea

Estelle Ryan Snyder, Cairns Collection of American Women Writers

THE SNYDER FAMILY ENJOYING THEIR FIRST DAY ON DECK

The Land Across the Sea

By

Estelle Ryan Snyder

This little book is lovingly dedicated
to my Mother

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CHAPTER I.

I WONDER how many of you from childhood, like the writer, have hoped to some day have the opportunity of visiting the lands across the sea. Come with me, in imagination, and we will board an ocean liner bound for Bremen, Germany, and cross the great Atlantic Ocean which separates the old from the new world.

Such a hustling and bustling preparing for the long journey. The hours fairly fly on wings. The days are woefully short in which to accomplish the "thousand and one" things which come up at the last moment. Friends and neighbors drop in to say "bon voyage"; a few tears are shed and we are finally on our way.

Upon our arrival in the great metropolis of New York we take careful inventory of what will be needed on a sea voyage. It being our first crossing we are obliged to purchase a steamer trunk and steamer caps. We spend a very pleasant morning in the shops making our purchases. In the afternoon we go to Hoboken to have a peep at the great ship that is to bear us across the water. We are like children in our eager anticipation, for remember it is our first view of a real ocean liner. Taking the subway to Hoboken we soon arrive at the pier where our vessel lies at anchor. Such a "hurley-burley" of noise and confusion of teams, teamsters and endless trucks of luggage. You would think the entire population of Greater New York was moving. Threading our way through an ever-changing throng we arrive at the gangway, where we ask if we may go on board. Consent is courteously given.

A friend familiar with foreign travel has given us some valuable information derived from his own personal experience in fourteen crossings. To quote his own words:—

"The first thing to do is to board the ship the day before sailing and secure your seats at table, steamer chairs, rugs,

time for daily salt-water bath, etc. If you do this the day before sailing you will avoid confusion and secure better places at table and on deck. As most of your time is spent in your steamer chair on deck it is important to secure a pleasant place.

"Now, you must make up your mind before starting that tipping is absolutely essential; it is expected and customary. You will be obliged to do as others do in this respect, and that is 'tip,' and tip fairly liberally. For instance, when you go on board the day before sailing you ask for the chief steward. I usually give him a dollar and he gives me as good a table place as he has unreserved. Then you see the bath steward who asks at what hour you prefer your morning bath and when a preference is stated he has that hour arranged for you if it is not already reserved. Almost every one bathes daily in the salt water as it is one of the most beneficial attractions on board. Next see the deck steward and secure steamer chairs, rugs and a place on deck. The chairs will cost you $1 each, as will also each steamer rug. As the mornings and evenings are quite chilly and often very cold, you will need a rug to throw over you, especially when you take your afternoon siesta. The chairs and rugs are tagged with your name. You select either the south or north side of deck, whichever you prefer; your chair is placed in the space allotted to you and it remains there throughout the trip. The deck steward folds up your chair at night and stands it upright; he also folds your rugs and carries them indoors, returning them to place for use in the morning. He has charge of your comfort during the time you are on deck. You will tip this man a dollar or whatever more you feel inclined to give.

"Now, the next person to see is your room steward. For each male passenger there is a steward and for the women a stewardess. It is customary to tip both steward and stewardess if there are both men and women in your party. I always give my steward a dollar when we start on the trip and say, 'You will receive a like amount when we reach the other side.' This will ensure good service, for your steward takes care of

your room and, if you are sea-sick, he is indispensable. I follow this same rule with my table steward and it always brings good results."

We will follow our good friend Felix's advice and I am sure we will find it works excellently. At last we have made our rounds and seen the various stewards, checked our steamer trunk and several grips and seen them safely in our stateroom. At the conclusion we feel that we have spent quite a busy hour.

The next morning we rise early as this is the great day of sailing. We breakfast and hurry by way of the subway to Hoboken, for the great vessel leaves sharp at ten o'clock. We arrive at the pier at nine-thirty. There we find a happy, well-dressed, ever-increasing throng both on the pier and the ship. It is a beautiful scene. American flags wave gracefully in the crisp morning air. We drive past dozens of small stands where flowers and American flags are for sale. But we have already provided ourselves with small silk American flags, thanks to our good adviser, Felix. Taxis and autos of every description dash up to the curb and deposit their occupants. It is a busy and festive scene. Every one is happy and good natured. Messengers bearing huge boxes of flowers, baskets of fruits and bon bons hurry on board with last gifts for departing friends. To the left of the gangway on the pier stands a long line of stewards in attendance awaiting the arrival of the passengers. Upon our approach our room steward springs quickly forward and relieves us of our small luggage and conducts us to our stateroom where we remove our wraps. A moment later we are on deck anxious not to lose sight of the interesting scene above. A long blast of the ship's whistle warns visitors to go ashore. A last embrace and the visitors hurriedly file down the gangway and gather in a long line on the pier where they stand waving flags and handkerchiefs to those on board. Bright sallies of wit are exchanged between the pier and the ship. It is quite evident that a bride is on board for a group of young people gayly bombard a nearby couple who are suffused with blushes. Con-

fetti and rolls of gayly tinted paper-ribbon streamers are aimed with considerable accuracy and soon the embarrassed pair are surrounded by graceful festoons of bright ribbons. The sun shines brightly over all and not a ripple disturbs the serene placidity of the water. Truly an ideal day for sailing. Another short blast of the whistle and the gangplank is about to be pulled in when a man and woman are seen approaching in frantic haste. A moment's delay while they are being hustled, rather unceremoniously, on board and then the gangplank is withdrawn, the pulsating engines of the ship begin to beat steadily, with musical rhythm, and the great steamer, with music gayly playing and flags waving majestically, moves slowly from the wharf.

We view the great sea of uplifted faces, knowing not one will be the face of our own personal friend, for we are strangers in New York, embarking to a strange country. No one to say a last farewell or wish us God-speed. There is a little tightening of the throat as we recall a similar scene enacted but a few short months ago when the Titanic, laden with a precious cargo of human souls, sailed proudly from her dock to the gay music of the band, with flags waving. There had been the same long line of eager uplifted faces bidding affectionate farewell to those who never returned. The tears rush unbidden to our eyes and blur the sea of faces from view. What the future has in store for us all God only knows. Then the question comes unbidden, a haunting, terrorizing fear that perhaps we have erred in taking our loved ones away from home to face unknown danger. Dashing the tears hurriedly away we see the faces are now far behind, and the entire scene is bathed in glorious sunlight, an awe inspiring picture. Glancing towards the blue sky above we see a fleecy white cloud riding majestically like the plumed crest of a wave, and our hearts leap with gladness and renewed faith for "God is in his heaven and all is well." Ah, thou inscrutable fate, how useless for such an infinitesimal atom as self, in thy great universe, to seek to know the why and the wherefore! Suffice it to

THE LIBERTY STATUE IN NEW YORK HARBOR

know that thy law is infallible and that it is not necessary we should comprehend the magnificence of thy creation.

The great city passes slowly, its massive buildings like grim sentinels in review. The weather is delightfully warm and the sea calm. The decks are crowded with passengers anxious for a last sight of land. The "Goddess of Liberty," that awe-inspiring symbol of our great nation, is the last discernible object to be seen after we pass out of the river and leave the harbor far behind, and we are well on our way.

The day is spent reclining in the steamer chairs drinking in the glorious and invigorating sea air. We have a sheltered nook on the promenade deck. After twenty-four hours on the sea we feel like veteran sea dogs; the weather is so delightfully serene that but few have experienced sea sickness. Even the "kiddies" have found their sea legs and are experiencing no uneasiness in the regions of their stomachs. It is fairly safe to assume that we will escape this dread malady. This is a great comfort, if you could but see the unfortunate ones make a hasty exit whenever the ship takes a little swell.

We are nicely located. Our stateroom is about the size of a small sardine can and we are wedged in as tightly as human ingenuity can devise. Four berths in a room, one for each. We take turns going to bed and getting up in the morning. First one enters and retires and gayly calls "Next," and so on until we are all tucked in for the night. In the morning we repeat the performance, thus saving a serious entanglement of limbs. A brisk walk on deck followed by breakfast is the general rule. Every one walks incessantly in the morning for exercise. Nine times around the promenade deck of our vessel makes a mile. After breakfast the men wander away to the gymnasium where they show their strength and boast of their muscle and endurance. The women enjoy an hour or two reading on deck. At 11 o'clock in the morning the deck steward appears on deck with a very large tray with cups of hot bouillon. An assistant follows with a tray of appetizing sandwiches of all kinds. Almost every one takes a "snack," for the sea air gives one a tremendous appetite. In the after-

noon we take a nap in our steamer chairs for the unaccustomed intake of ozone into our stifled lungs has made us all very drowsy. And such a nap as we have. At four in the afternoon the steward again appears on the scene but this time he has afternoon tea, which is really delicious. The boy follows with all kinds of German "coffee-kuken" and small cakes. Dinner is served in the evening from six to eight. The evening meal is the gala event of the day as every one dresses for the occasion; the band plays and it is a most enjoyable hour. After dinner every one walks again for exercise. Later some play cards while others enjoy music in the parlors, each one pursuing that which suits his fancy. This is a word picture of each day on the voyage.

The nights on deck are most beautiful for we have a full moon which lights up the sea as bright as day. We stand tonight at the ship's prow watching the great volume of water displaced by the ship as she plows her way through the billowy depths. We are attracted by bright globules of phosphorous light, some of them the size of a large orange, others smaller. As the water is flung heavily from the prow these light globules come to the surface of the water, glow brilliantly for the fraction of a second and then disappear to be followed by a continual stream of globules. This phenomena is a peculiar specie of piscine life which, when disturbed in the water, emits a phosphorescent glow similar to the firefly, or what we used to call in our childhood days the "lightning bug," only the light is very much larger and much more brilliant. The Captain tells us that on a dark night he has seen these globules light up the sea for miles. Truly a most remarkable sight.

It is morning of another beautiful day. We look across the great expanse of water and way over yonder in the distance we see a spout of water rise from the sea a little distance from the ship. Now we are all attention; other spouts nearby convince us that we are passing a school of whales. Watching closely as we come nearer we can plainly discern the huge bodies rise to the surface after they have emitted a great stream of water. There are probably a dozen or more and we

watch until we distance them. We have seen quite a number of flying fish. These are fish that really leave the water and fly through the air a foot or so above the water, dropping back into the water after a flight of 25 or 30 feet.

Today we are going to take a trip through the interior of our great vessel. A most remarkable journey we find it and well worth while. I say journey advisedly for we are going many feet below the water line. We naturally have a great curiosity to see how the other half live on board ship, the men who toil that we may sit in ease and safety on deck. With the chief engineer as pilot our little party is conducted to the engine rooms where the great engines throb and pant like gigantic living monsters fretting at leash. Our ship is not the greatest liner afloat, like the lost Titanic, for instance, but it is a very large vessel, being of 17,000 tons. It is large enough, goodness knows, for it is a small city in itself. It has accommodations for 450 first-cabin passengers, 300 second and 1,395 steerage. The ship is propelled by quadruple engines, each working separately and independently of the other. In case of a breakage of any of these four engines the disabled engine's piston-rod is released and any or all of the other three engines operate independent of the disabled one. The engine rooms are safeguarded by nineteen bulkheads. These bulkheads are massive iron doors that are lowered quickly in case of accident. These doors are lowered and raised daily to see that they are operating perfectly. In case of a collision these nineteen bulkhead doors can be lowered instantly either from the Captain's bridge or the engine room, thus enclosing the engine room in a waterproof compartment. Every piece of machinery on the entire ship is in duplicate, the reserve pieces being kept in convenient position for immediate use in case of emergency. It requires forty gallons of oil a day to lubricate the parts of machinery and we are told this is a very small amount. A splendidly equipped miniature repair shop adjoins the engine room where broken parts of machinery can be repaired. It would take a skilled mechanician to try and give the multitudinous parts of the great mechanism that operates the ship.

It is a stupendous achievement, this living, wonderful mechanism that permits man to become master of navigation. From the engine room we go to the furnace room, that inferno where men work in an almost unlivable temperature feeding the hungry maw of the furnaces. Imagine feeding 250 tons of coal into these monsters each day of twenty-four hours. To perform this feat requires the services of forty-two stokers. These men work in three shifts. Four hours on duty followed by eight hours off. The furnace fires are cleaned out and raked clear of clinkers twice a day. The draft is almost strong enough when the furnace doors are open to sweep a man into the fiery pit. The heat is terrific. The gas rising from the raked clinkers is suffocating. The stokers work with a wet towel around their throat one corner of which they keep in their mouth.

We then leave the engine rooms and furnaces and mount the steep little iron ladders until we reach the floors where the kitchens are operated. We find everything spick and span, with a vast army of chefs and under-chefs. The potatoes are pared and rinsed by machinery, the eggs are boiled in an automatic electric machine which turns the eggs out when cooked the desired length of time, and there are so many other marvelous time and labor-saving devices that it makes the housewife gasp for breath.

After seven days of delightful ocean travel we sight land and are soon approaching the shores of England, where we will land passengers before proceeding on our way. We enter the harbor of Plymouth, England, about 10:30 at night, and we are amazed to see the great play of searchlights which light up every object in the harbor, and, upon inquiry, we find that a man of war lies at anchor and that the great play of the searchlight is to prevent the Germans from stealing a march on the English by entering their harbor under cover of darkness. The Englishman lives in constant dread of his German cousin and "sleeps" with one eye open to be ready, in case the necessity should arise, to prevent Germany seizing

their country. A tender slips alongside and the passengers wishing to depart at Plymouth are taken off by the tender and we soon are on our way.

The next morning at daylight we see the shores of sunny France and all the passengers who desire to land at Cherbourg are taken off by tender and conveyed to their destination. The following morning, the ninth day of our journey, we reach the German port of Bremerhaven, where our steamer lands her passengers at the docks without the aid of a tender and we get our first view of the "Fatherland." An hour's ride from Bremerhaven to Bremen and we reach the "City of Flowers." Bremen is situated in the northwestern part of Germany, and is a city noted for its cleanliness and profusion of beautiful flowers. Almost every residence has boxes of flowers adorning every window and the tiny grass plots in front are gay with brilliant blooms. But, much to our disappointment, we have not yet seen anything that would indicate that we are traveling in a foreign country, for Bremen is a city like many of our own at home, with good paved streets, handsome buildings and spacious residences. During the hour's ride from Bremerhaven to Bremen we pass through a very beautiful agricultural country, a duplicate of those you will see in any fertile farming district. The farmhouses are neat and, instead of being built of wood, as is prevalent in our own country, they are either cement or brick. Scattered here and there you will notice an occasional outhouse with a turf roof, but they are not common; and if you should awaken from sleep, not knowing where you were, you would have to be told you were traversing the German Empire and not Pennsylvania or Illinois. The people dress the same as we do, except in the rural districts, where they dress more like the farmer of our own country.

The most interesting feature of Bremen is the old cathedral, which was built in the eighth century. This building has seen many vicissitudes; it has been burned down several times and rebuilt, but at present it stands as a lasting monument to man's perseverance. There are many marvelous carvings and

paintings of great interest, and several very beautiful bronze doors; but the principal thing for which this cathedral is famous is its lead vaults, which consist of a small room which was utilized during the tenth century as a storehouse for the sheets of lead that were used for covering the roofs of the cathedral. By accident the discovery was made that in several coffins placed there the corpses were not decayed, but had dried up. This phenomena is explained by the particularly dry air which entirely absorbs the moisture. In this room six of these corpses are shown to visitors for a small fee. The caskets are open and the contents can be plainly seen and present a most extraordinary sight. They have the appearance of mummies, the skin being shriveled and shrunken, but the contour of the bodies remains intact. They range in age from 200 to 450 years. This lead vault is one of the most remarkable sights to be seen in Germany.

Other points of interest in Bremen are the old Gothic council house, with the famous wine cellar below it; the townhall, the merchants' house, and the old and new exchange. The manufacturing establishments consist of tobacco and cigar factories, sugar refineries, rice mills, iron factories, machine works, rope and sail works, and shipbuilding yards. Bremen's geographical situation makes it the emporium for Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse, and other countries traversed by the Weser River, and, next to Hamburg, it is the principal seat of the export, import and emigration trade of Germany.

Bremen is a free city of Germany, an independent member of the empire, one of the three Hanse towns, on the Weser, about 50 miles from its mouth. It covers a territory of 98 square miles, besides which it possesses the port of Bremerhaven, at the mouth of the river.

In 788 Charlemagne made Bremen a bishopric; it was afterwards made an archbishopric. At the end of the fourteenth century it became a free imperial city. The constitution is in most respects republican. The legislative authority is shared by a Senate of eighteen citizens, elected for life, and an Assembly of

150 citizens, elected for six years. The executive lies with the Senate and senatorial committees.

One of the peculiar characteristics of the natives in this section of Germany, particularly in the proximity of Bremen, is their marked antipathy for Jews. No Jew is allowed to settle in Bremen. The Bremens consider themselves of much higher caste than the people of the middle and southern provinces of Germany. The class distinctions are very marked in Bremen particularly, as it is a city of great wealth.

From Bremen we take the train en route for Cologne—spelled in German as Köln, with two dots over the "o." It is a five-hour ride and one of considerable interest because the trains are so entirely different from those we are accustomed to at home, and we are greatly amused by our many mistakes in adjusting ourselves to the newness of it all. The railway engines are a great deal the same as our own; if anything, they are a little larger. But the coaches, instead of having entrance doors at either end, like the American coach, are divided into small compartments with side entrances. Six people are supposed to occupy a compartment and each train carries four classes of passengers; the fare being according to the class traveled. We travel second class, as everyone but the very wealthy people travel that way, and we find it fairly satisfactory. We are surprised at the absolute indifference of the German railroad employes toward their passengers; they never deign to call a station or give any information whatever, consequently traveling in Germany is largely a matter of luck as to whether you reach your proper destination or are taken miles beyond because of your ignorance of the various stopping places and the unusual custom of never being told where you are. We who are accustomed to our own palatial trains in America, with obsequious attendants and every modern convenience and comfort, can scarcely reconcile ourselves to the German method of traveling. One is obliged to sit in a compartment touching the knees with every Tom, Dick and Harry that happens to be on the train with you; thus there is no privacy whatever. For a short distance this is of little import, but if one travels for any number of hours it is far from agreeable,

COLOGNE AND BRIDGE OF BOATS, SHOWING THE SPIRES OF DOM CATHEDRAL

to say the least. True, there are compartments for Frauen (women) and smoking compartments for Herren (men), but it is quite frequently the case that, for lack of space, parties of men and women are ruthlessly broken up and the women obliged to ride apart from their husbands or male escorts. This is a decidedly unpleasant feature of continental travel in being forced to submit to discomfort or buy a first class compartment for one's party. If the party is sufficiently large, say, four or five, to afford this luxury, all well and good; but if man and wife are traveling alone the discomfort and inconvenience is so marked as to mar one's pleasure.

Twenty-two miles before we reach Cologne we pass through the beautiful city of Dusseldorf. It is a town of Prussia, in the Rhenish province, situated on the right bank of the Rhine. It is one of the most attractive cities in the Rhine valley. We are not going to stop at Dusseldorf, but we can see as we pass through that it is an important railway and steamboat center. It has quite a number of handsome public buildings and several remarkable churches. It is quite an art center, for here is found a fine academy of art. It has the honor of having founded a school of painting, named for the city, and its pupils embrace many distinguished men and women.

Cologne, a city of Rhenish Prussia, is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, forming, in connection with Deutz, a fortress of the first rank. The old fortifications, dating from the middle ages, are, or have been recently, swept away, new works being constructed. There are many fine old buildings as well as excellent modern ones; the churches, in particular, are interesting. The most important edifice of all is the cathedral known as the Dom; it was begun in 1248, and during the French invasion Napoleon had the audacity to use this magnificent building in which to stable his horses. The spires of the Dom are noted for their splendid architectural beauty. The trade for which Cologne is famous is the manufacture of the celebrated "eau de Cologne." The trade in this commodity is very great. Other manufactures embrace sugar, tobacco, glue, carpets, leather, machinery and chemicals.

COBLENZ FROM ABOVE THE RHINE BRIDGE

Leaving Cologne we traverse the Rhine River—the Rhine famous in song and story. How many legends have we heard of the wondrous beauties of the Rhine! Its old castles crumbling to decay. The next city of interest is Coblenz, a large city south of Cologne.

Coblenz is the capital of Rhenish Prussia. It is a fortified town and lies in an angle betweeen the Rhine and the Moselle rivers. A pontoon bridge over the Rhine connects Coblenz with the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. This, together with other fortifications, renders the city one of the strongest fortifications in Germany. Over 100,000 men can be accommodated at this place. The important trade of Coblenz is Rhine and Moselle wines.

Ehrenbreitstein is situated on a precipitous rock nearly 400 feet above the confluence of the Moselle and Rhine rivers. It is inaccessible on three sides. The fortifications were erected in 1816-26, at a cost of $6,000,000, and can accommodate a garrison of 14,000 men and room for stores to last an army of 60,000 for a year.

Ehrenbreitstein castle is one of the famous castles of Germany.

Following the Rhine River, traveling south, we come to the interesting city of Worms, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse. Worms is 25 miles south of Mainz and 20 miles northwest of Heidelberg. The Romanesque cathedral, built in the twelfth century, is a magnificent structure with four round towers and two large domes. This is the city made famous by Martin Luther. There is a splendid monument to Luther, consisting of a colossal statue on a raised platform surrounded by figures of precursors of, or persons directly connected with, the Reformation. At Worms was held the famous diet in 1521, at which Luther defended his doctrines before Emperor Charles and an august assemblage.

History informs us that Martin Luther, the German reformer, was born in 1483 at Eisleben, Saxony, and died in 1546. He was of poor parentage, his father being a miner. When but twenty years of age he graduated as master of philosophy at Erfut, in Thuringia. In 1505 he entered the monastery of the Augustin-

COBLENZ, EHRENBREITSTEIN, FROM ABOVE THAL

EHRENBREITSTEIN CASTLE

ians at Erfurt and in 1507 was consecrated priest. In 1508, by the influence of his patron, Staupitz, who was district vicar of the order, he was made professor of philosophy in the new University of Wittenberg. At first he lectured upon the philosophy of Aristotle, but soon turned his attention to the Bible. His lectures on this subject attracted so much attention that Staupitz prevailed upon him to preach regularly in the monastery church at Wittenberg. In 1512, upon his return from a visit to Rome in the interests of his order, he was made doctor of theology and began his famous lecture on Paul's Epistles. His first original work, the Exposition of the Seven Penitential Psalms, was published in 1517. Meanwhile he had been made district vicar of the Augustinian order and now preached not only in the convent chapel, but also in the parish church. During these years he had worked zealously for the church and in the interests of his order. But in 1517 a certain Dominican priest, Johann Tetzel, appeared in the vicinity of Wittenberg selling indulgences, the proceeds of which were to go toward the building of St. Peter's. Just at this time the dedication of the Schloss-kirke was being celebrated at Wittenberg. It was customary upon such days to nail upon the church door bulletins of general interest to the parish. On the evening before the fete-day Luther published upon the door of the Schloss-kirke his ninety-five theses which led to the movement known as the Protestant Reformation. These theses were called forth by Tetzel's abuse of the church doctrine regulating indulgences. Their tone was, however, moderate, and it seems that at this time Luther contemplated to break with the church. But by means of the press the theses were scattered with remarkable rapidity through Europe and all the continent was soon plunged into a tumult of controversy. Luther, meanwhile, devoted himself to the further study of the Bible, church history and canon law, in order to defend the position he had taken. His study resulted in his drifting farther and farther from the church. His public utterances and writings became bolder and he was soon attacking the entire system and body of teachings of the Church of Rome. At first the Pope did not regard the matter as of serious import; but at length,

MARTIN LUTHER'S MONUMENT AT WORMS

LUTHER'S TREE, WORMS

being convinced that Luther's influence was becoming dangerous, issued a bull against him and his friends. His writings were condemned as heretical and he himself, if he did not recant his errors in sixty days, was to be seized and sent to Rome to be tried for heresy. Luther publicly burned this communication. In 1521 the Diet of Worms, an assembly of the princes, nobles and clergy of Germany, was convened by the Emperor Charles V to deliberate upon state affairs in general and especially upon matters touching the great religious controversy. Luther was summoned before this body and called upon to recant his errors. Refusing to do so, he was pronounced a heretic and outlaw, but was allowed to depart in safety. Frederick, elector of Saxony, conveyed him privately to the Wartburg castle, where he remained for ten months in seclusion and translated the New Testament into German. Meanwhile serious troubles arose from the excesses of fanatical professed followers of Luther. Castles and monasteries were sacked and horrible outrages were perpetrated. Although a legal outlaw, Luther now came forth and temporarily checked the disturbance. He then resumed his work in the church and university, and when, several years later, the trouble broke out afresh, made a tour through the neighboring towns preaching a crusade against the image-breakers. His history from this time is identical with that of the Reformation (which see). The rapidity with which his doctrines gained ground was due, it is thought, as much to his hymns as to his preaching. The most famous of these, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," is sometimes known as the battle hymn of the Reformation. In 1524 Luther married Katharine von Bora, a former nun, who for several years had been a believer in his doctrines. In the same year he established a school at Eisleben. From 1526 to 1529 he was engaged in the preparation of a new church service. His translation of the Bible in 1534 permanently established the literary language of Germany.

CHAPTER II.

WE will now turn our attention to the scenery along the Rhine River. We have heard much of the beauties of this famous river that, of course, we are eagerly anticipant. To one who is practical, and not enamored by crumbling ruins in the last stages of decay which need the utmost stretch of the imagination to invest them with their former supposed grandeur, the Rhine River, save with one or two exceptions, is a disappointment and becomes mediocre when compared with the beautiful St. Lawrence River of Canada, with its "Thousand Islands," or with the best parts of the Hudson River. The most beautiful spot on the Rhine River, known as Lurlei Rock, is very imposing and a truly magnificent spectacle; but not one whit greater or more magnificent than our own Royal Gorge of Colorado.

Occasionally we see an old castle in a fairly good state of preservation. Before I had the opportunity of seeing, with my own eyes, the castles of Europe, I had pictured wondrous old ruins and surrounded them with a romantic sentiment that entirely vanished when once viewed. Save for a few turrets and a tower or two, the old Spanish missions of California would make some of the castles of Germany suffer by comparison. I have gone through many cathedrals and buildings, centuries old, and found them damp, mouldy and with a very unpleasant and unhealthy odor.

I have no desire to depreciate the beauty of the Rhine River scenery; I merely wish to disillusionize the reader who, like myself, undoubtedly imagined that the Rhine is unsurpassable. My own personal impression of this river was one of intense disappointment. I have traveled so extensively, seeing all that there is to see in this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to Alaska, and having seen the wonders of our own country, which, in my humble opinion, are incomparable,

AN OLD CHATEAU NEAR GODSBERG

AN OLD CASTLE ON THE RHINE

I probably expected to see something too marvelous for nature to produce. The water of the Rhine is not clear and transparent, as, for instance, is that of the St. Lawrence, but is more like the Mississippi or Missouri rivers, being muddy and roily. It is a winding river, weaving its way in and out in continuous curves, surrounded on both sides of the stream by the great vineyards of Germany, of world-wide fame, from whence come the popular Rhine wines.

One of the peculiarities of vineyard growing in Germany is that the best grapes are grown on the slate-covered slopes of the small range of mountains lying on either side of the Rhine River. Here the vineyards thrive and produce grapes from which the finest Rhine wine is made. This is the great industry of the Rhine province.

Another noticeable feature of this part of Germany in the locality of the Rhine is the fact that one sees no wheat or corn, or any other grain growing, as in our own agricultural districts. Instead we see beans, cabbage, a few potatoes, beets and other small vegetables; what we would term in this country "garden truck." All of the wheat and grain that is raised comes from the northern part of Germany; in the middle and southern part we find the small vegetable beans for pickling (which is a great industry), cabbage for sauer-kraut and beets for sugar.

To our surprise, we see no horses, outside of the large cities. They are very scarce and costly. The farmer tills his fields with oxen. There is very little dairying, and but little poultry. Butter is sold at an exorbitant price, as is also milk. This is positively not a dairying country, as there is no pasturage for horse or cow; you will ride many miles in some portions of Germany without seeing a horse. You will see women walking beside a cart drawn by a dog or the family cow. You will see men toiling in the fields tilling the soil with their good old friend, the family cow—but no horse will you find. The people walk. There are no tramcars in the smaller towns, and the villages are spoken of as so many minutes' or hours' walk instead of miles. As, for instance, if you would ask, "How far is the next town?" the reply would be, "An hour's walk."

THE ENTRANCE TO A FORTIFIED VILLAGE NEAR THE RHINE

THE LURLEI ROCK ON THE RHINE

SUSPENDED BRIDGE IN ROYAL GORGE, COLORADO, U. S. A.

If you are a keen observer you will have noticed, while passing through the smaller towns and coming in contact with the peasants of various localities, the great number of peasant women that are afflicted with goitre. This disease is of the throat and is caused by an enlargement of the thyroid gland. When it appears without being inherited it is supposed to be caused, in most cases, by impurity of potable water. Upon inquiry I was told that the cause of such prevalency of this dread throat trouble was caused by the peasant women carrying such heavy burdens on their heads; in order to balance huge bundles on their heads the women must hold the head and neck very rigid; this is said to strain the delicate glands of the throat and to produce goitre. Nearly every other peasant woman, you might say, is more or less afflicted with goitre; they evidently do not realize the cause, for, regardless of the result, they carry on their heads burdens that would tax the strength of a strong man, for miles.

We will follow the Rhine River in its course until we reach the interesting city of Mannheim, which is in the Grand Duchy of Baden. It is situated on the right bank of the Rhine near the confluence of that river with the Neckar. Here we find a very fine, extensive harbor and docks, for this is the chief commercial center of the upper Rhine.

Mannheim is a beautiful, well-laid-out city; its streets are broad and well paved; residences imposing and of all styles of architecture. There are several very magnificent churches and many fine public buildings, public squares and parks. This city, like Frankfort, has a very large Jewish population.

To one who has always lived in a metropolis all large cities bear a striking similarity to each other. Most of them have good streets, handsome public buildings, fine residences and the general air of prosperity and progress pleasing to the traveler. But to really touch the pulse of a nation's people one must leave the beaten track of the cities, where the people have had the advantages of education, culture and opportunity, and strike off into the byways—the little, unfrequented villages, unspoiled by the march of time and the lust for gold. There only can be found the simple life, and there only can one study to the heart's content humble types of humanity. There has been so much said

about the scarcity of unfrequented villages and places of interest on the continent that we feared none could be found by one unused to foreign travel.

Let us leave Mannheim, the city beautiful, and cross into Rhenish Bavaria. Only fifteen miles from the progressive city of Mannheim I will show you the quaintest and humblest little village imaginable. We get off at the station of Mutterstadt and we find that the village is a good mile and a half from the station; there is an old mail cart, drawn by a decrepit, bony horse that looks as though he was physically unable to draw any kind of a load, hitched beside the station. This is the first horse we have seen, outside of the large cities, since we landed in Germany. We view the vehicle with considerable curiosity, and as the old mail carrier clatters down the station platform with his mail bags on his shoulders we ask him to give us a lift to Mutterstadt. He grins amiably and consents to do so. We pay his fee and clamber inside the tiny cart, which is like a miniature bus and is all enclosed. We bump our heads on the top of the cart and our knees become hopelessly tangled, but we consider it a lark and soon we are trundling merrily over the finest pike road imaginable. Ah, now we are beginning to see something really worth while. There is an old peasant woman over yonder to our right; she is driving a span of oxen. How peaceful and pastoral the scene! The air is fragrant and fresh and we enjoy every moment of the ride in the crazy old cart. We pass peasants trudging on foot, who gape at us curiously. Soon we arrive at Mutterstadt. Reaching the confines of the village, we get out of the cart and walk briskly down the narrow, crooked streets that are painfully clean. It is the neatest, cleanest little spot you ever saw; it reminds us of the picture "ad" of "Spotless Town" of Sapolio renown. The streets, which are very narrow and wind in and out, are paved with cobblestones. The peasants all line up on the sidewalk to have a look at the visitors, for strangers are so rare that they are of as much interest to these humble peasants as a circus parade is to the ordinary school child.

We are shown the oldest building in the village; it was at one time a Lutheran church and was built in the fifteenth century. It is now used as a police station. The man shown in the

A GERMAN PEASANT WOMAN, MUTTERSTADT, AND HER HOME OVER 200 YEARS OLD

accompanying picture is a police officer. He appointed himself as escort of honor for our party and conducted us all over the place. When he posed for this picture he was the most envied man in the village.

The picture, with the old peasant woman taking in the scene, entirely ignorant of the fact that she is being photographed, is one of the oldest peasant houses in Mutterstadt, as it is over 200 years old. As our ride has made us extremely hungry, we ask for a place to get a bite to eat and are conducted by our escort to a tiny inn consisting of one good-sized room with a bar, attended by a barmaid—the woman of the house. By this time everyone in the village has heard of our presence, and by the time we are seated at the one table in the barroom the doors and windows are crowded with a throng of villagers anxious to witness the "feeding of the animals." Even the old mail carrier trots in and asks if he may have the honor of conveying us back to the station. The dinner is a conglomeration of stew and dumplings—name unknown, but quality fairly good—and we partake heartily. A fancy omelette follows, and heavy black coffee follows that. When we come to settle our bill we find that we have been fleeced royally, as we are charged as much for this modest peasant meal as though we had been dining in a good hotel in one of the larger cities. Remonstrating in Germany has no effect. The only thing one can do there is to "knock down and drag out"—and in that case you are up against the police authorities —and, when unfamiliar with the language, you have to take your medicine. So we pay our bill and quietly withdraw, trailed by an admiring throng who follow at a respectful distance to where our mail cart stands in state awaiting our return. The trip to Mutterstadt was so unique that we couldn't help but enjoy the novelty and newness of it all.

From Mutterstadt we go on to the good-sized city of Speier. The name is spelled in several ways—"Speyer" or "Speier." It is the capital of the Rhenish Palatinate and is situated at the confluence of the Speyerbach with the Rhine River. It is ten miles from Mannheim. It is a marvelously old city, over 2,000 years old. It was a fortified outpost of the Romans and history tells us that, after Charlemagne, it became the residence of the

THE FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH BUILT AT MUTTERSTADT IN 1500, NOW USED AS A POLICE STATION

A STREET SCENE IN MUTTERSTADT

A STREET IN THE QUAINT VILLAGE OF MUTTERSTADT

Emperors of Germany and the seat of the Germanic Diet. Speier was at one time a very rich city. Its prosperity lasted to the seventeenth century, when its decline began. This was caused by a change in the channels of trade, and in 1689 the city was burned and blown up with gunpowder by the soldiery of Louis XIV. For many years it lay in ruins, but since it became a Bavarian possession (1816) the old buildings have been restored. At the Diet of Speier of 1529 the Reformation was condemned and the protestation then made by reformers gave rise to the name Protestant.

Speier is the heart of the Bavarian hop district, where the most important branch of industry is the brewing of beer, for which there are over 7,000 establishments producing over 300 millions of gallons a year.

Now I am going to call your attention to the handsome railway station at Speier. You will notice it is large and quite an imposing edifice for a railway station in an only fair-sized city. The main floor is the station and offices, etc. The upper floor is a commodious living apartment for the station master. We have been told that this particular station master is highly educated, a great scholar, a successful author and an authority on historical research. Upon inquiry we find that he was an officer high in military service and that upon his retirement from active military life he was given this office of station master. We must bear in mind that everything in Germany belongs to the government—the railroads, street railways, etc. We are told, by one who is supposed to know, that when officers of the army have successfully served a certain period of active service and are finally retired that the government permits them to choose such positions as station master, etc. The position is one of honor. Our informant, a native of Germany, tells us that such positions as firemen and engineers on all German railroads are filled by ex-convicts. This is a matter of much surprise to us and upon inquiry we find that these positions are always filled by ex-convicts, for none other than an ex-convict will occupy these positions. I suppose that is because, ex-convicts having been appointed to hold such positions, honest men fear being taken for ex-criminals if they occupy such a position.

ENTRANCE TO CATHEDRAL AT SPEIER

We find Speier very interesting, indeed. We have been recommended to a certain hotel, where we go, and mine host treats us as though we are royalty traveling incognito. We try to ask about rates, etc., but are airily brushed aside and conducted to the best room in the hostelry. It is the quaintest kind of an old building—in fact, an old palace—and hundreds of years ago was for a time used as a Catholic convent; later it became a palace for the ladies in waiting to the court. There is a great courtyard. When a carriage arrives mine host is standing at the door wreathed in polite smiles. We shudder inwardly, for we feel that for all this magnificence we will be fleeced royally. The rooms are immense; the dining room is thronged with soldiers in their gaudy uniforms, drinking and smoking. We are served with a very good dinner, and, as the day has been a hard one, we ask to be shown to our room so that we may retire early and have a good night's rest.

We find our apartment somberly splendid; the only light being two very tall candles which throw a sickly glimmer, outlining great black shadows in the corners of the immense room with its great vaulted dome. The door is heavily padded with tufted leather and reminds one of a nicely padded private cell in an insane asylum. Two single beds, piled high with great feather pillow coverlets, occupy the place of honor. You get used to those big feather pillows instead of blankets or comforters after you have been in Germany for a while, but at first it is rather trying to sleep with about a ton of feathers from your throat to your heels. But, to go back to the room furnishings; a small table on either side of the beds holds one gigantic candle; this is the only light and the feeble rays throw weird, depressing shadows in the room; a fine painting of the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria hangs right over one of the beds; the sorrowful eyes seem to question an alien presence and make a fit setting for a ghostly visitor. The room is terribly chill, for the nights are damp and cold in Germany. With our teeth chattering with cold, we throw the window sky high and crawl in hurriedly under the, for once, welcome protection of the featherbed cover and sleep the sleep of exhaustion.

The next morning we are up bright and early, for we want to see the places of interest. We are particularly anxious to see the great cathedral in which are entombed the bones of seven of Germany's Emperors.

This cathedral is famous throughout Europe for its twin spires, which are of magnificent architecture. The accompanying photograph gives only the entrance, showing the people flocking to the edifice to celebrate a holy day. We will pass through the great doors with the throng and admire the splendid paintings on the wall, but we are not permitted to visit the crypt today, as mass will be said from four in the morning until six at night.

Speier is the chief city of the Palatinate and here are kept a great many valuable old records. There is a remarkable museum and a historical research society connected with it that is known throughout Europe.

In speaking of the Palatinate it might be well to add a few words of explanation. Palatinate, or German Pfalz, is a division of the old German Empire, under the rule of counts Palatine (Pfalzgrafen), consisting of two separate portions distinguished as the Upper and Lower Palatinate. The Upper, or Bavarian Palatinate, was bounded by Bohemia and Bavaria, with Amberg as its capital. The Lower, or Rhenish Palatinate, lay on both sides of the Rhine, surrounded by Baden, Alsace, Lorraine, etc., its chief towns being Heidelberg and Mannheim. The counts Palatine were in possession of the Palatinate and the districts belonging to it as early as the eleventh century, and were long among the most powerful princes of the German Empire. At the Peace of Westphalia (1648) the Lower Palatinate was separated from the Upper, and Bavaria came into possession of the latter, while the former now became a separate electorate of the Empire, and was thenceforth generally known as THE Palatinate. By the treaties of Paris (1814-15) the Palatinate was split up; Bavaria received the largest part, and the remainder was divided between Hesse-Darmstadt and Prussia. The name Palatinate now belongs to the detached portion of Bavaria on the west of the Rhine, while the Upper Palatinate forms another portion of the monarchy. The city of Speier being the chief city of the Palat-

inate, therefore many valuable historical records pertaining to the early history of the Pfalz are kept at this place.

Our day in Speier has been a delightful one spent in the archives of the city looking over old documents, records, etc., and an hour in the museum, which contains some very interesting exhibits. After dining at the hotel and calling for our bill, we are amazed at the charges made for our accommodations; we have been treated like princes and have been charged a very modest fee indeed. Another peculiarity of Germany is that excellent service and accommodations will be charged at a fair rate, while inferior accommodations and atrocious service demand threefold.

We leave Speier and, as business calls us to the historic little town of Bretten, we cross into the next province, which is Baden, and take a peep at Bretten, which is a small town of great antiquity. It is over a thousand years old and not far from Karlsruhe. It is a typical German town, with nothing of interest to differentiate it from any other town of its size in the Empire. Our stay is brief; hotel accommodations are very poor and we are glad to shake the dust of Bretten from our boots and be on our way. We now have a hurried trip to the province of Wurtemburg, as we have to search for some records in that locality. We find the towns and cities in this province almost a facsimile of what we have already seen, so we will pass over them rapidly. We take our first sleeping car or Pullman from Ludwigsburg back to Cologne, as it is a night's journey. The "schlaf-wagon," as they are called, is quite a luxurious affair, very elaborately furnished in plush, etc. An odd feature of these German Pullmans is that the berths run crosswise instead of lengthwise, as in our own sleeper. Therefore, one rides sideways, and, as the trains travel pretty rapidly, one is jostled considerably the whole night long. The foreign sleeper is not to be compared with our American Pullman, even though one has the advantage of a tiny box-like compartment which is private for the occupant. There are two berths in each compartment. A prominent English author came to America on a sight-seeing expedition a few months ago and was simply horrified when he found that our sleepers have no protection around the berths save the heavy

A STREET SCENE IN BRETTEN

curtains; he considered this decidedly indelicate and boasted of the foreign sleeper with its private compartments. I suppose it is best that we don't all hanker for the same things, or the Pullman Company in America would be working overtime supplying continental Europe with our cars—and vice versa. Every man to his own tastes, as the old saying is, and I must admit that mine is in favor of the curtained sleeper, where I can ride with my face toward the engine, if I want to, instead of being churned from side to side, like abroad.

Now a word about the manner of handling your baggage in Germany. You buy your railroad ticket and then you check your baggage, for which you receive no receipt or check; the luggage is handled alphabetically and when you arrive at your destination, if your name is Smith, you go to department "S" and there you are—there's your luggage awaiting your identification. I have puzzled over the situation and finally given it up in despair—I can't see why valuable luggage is not identified by impostors and hopelessly lost in this way. However, we don't lose ours—it bobs up serenely at every place.

We have been somewhat unfortunate this year in our trip, as it is an unusually inclement summer and during our thirty days in Germany there have been twenty-nine days of rain, consequently we could not take pictures of as many places of interest as we would have liked to, as sunshine is absolutely essential in taking kodak pictures. As this has been a business trip, we are unable to follow the desires of self, and as our business has not taken us to the big cities of Berlin, Hamburg or Vienna, we do not have the opportunity of seeing them. Hamburg is in the extreme northern part of Germany and a long and expensive trip from the southern part.

To review Germany as a nation from the standpoint of having traveled constantly for four weeks within its confines, and paying particular and careful attention to the customs of the country, I would say that I found the German a very suspicious and unsatisfactory type of character to do business with. No matter where you go, you are immediately recognized as an American, and, strange as it may seem, in absolute contradiction to the general opinion of the public at large, the Germans

heartily detest Americans, and they make no effort to disguise the fact unless the American happens to be one with unlimited wealth; in that case they grovel on the ground (metaphorically speaking), for the purely selfish reason of self-ingratiation with the rich traveler so that they will be royally paid for any service they may render. Without a liberal spending of money in Germany an American receives nothing but discourtesy and open derision.

After having visited five countries of Europe and observing carefully the attitude of the various natives of each country, I am forced to believe that the American in Europe is preyed upon by all nationalities, financially, and is only suffered because of his lavish generosity in scattering tips broadcast. Our American millionaires have ruined every European country by their foolish distribution of enormous tips, in consequence of which the ordinary traveler of modest means is treated with the utmost contempt because he does not let his money run through his fingers like sand into the hungry maw of European mendicants.

It is all very well to talk of peace treaties between the various countries, but, in my own humble opinion, FEAR will have more effect than all the peace treaties in the world. The German on his own soil is the veriest bully imaginable. He is a born soldier. He glories in fighting, and, deep down in his heart, he hopes to see the day when he may have the opportunity to settle with the hated Americans. The only possible way to correctly understand the German's antipathy for an American is to mingle with the people, for the man of wealth who visits Germany and spends his money lavishly will be treated like a prince; it is only the man of modest means who has the opportunity to see beneath the diplomatic surface and hear the scorn and ridicule of Americans that realizes the true state of affairs. I have walked on public streets in Germany, with other members of our party, and heard the derisive sneer, "Americans! Ha!" This becomes very offensive and makes an honest American's blood boil—but the insult has to be ignored and no punishment given, for an American has little or no rights here.

The reader can appreciate the writer's disappointment and alarm when Congress decided to build only one new warship instead of two—for have I not heard the rumble of a mighty storm which is bound to break before many years over our unprotected heads?

A DUTCH WINDMILL NEAR ROTTERDAM

CHAPTER III.

WE are now going to take a flying trip through the quaint little country of the Netherlands, more commonly known as Holland. Don't you remember, when you were a child and went to school, of reading in the third or fourth reader (I forget which) about the funny little Hollanders, with their wooden shoes, who lived in the fascinating country of canals, dikes and windmills? Wasn't your childish ambition fired after reading that old poem depicting the little Hollandisch lad who spied a leak in the dike that protected the land from the Zuyder Zee, and knowing that the tiny rivulet of trickling water would soon grow into a raging torrent which would sweep away the entire dike and inundate the land, the brave little fellow thrust his small bare arm into the hole and courageously held it there through the long hours of the night until help arrived?

That story was indelibly stamped on my receptive child-mind. I was seized with a like ambition to perform some heroic service for humanity; but as I was born and raised in the prosaic state of Iowa I found no opportunities (or leaks in dikes) by which I could become a heroine and thus squeeze into the hall of fame.

We pass through a very picturesque and interesting country on our trip from Coln (Cologne) Germany, to Amsterdam, which is only a five-hour ride. It is surprising how quickly the topography of a country will change. The country now changes to lowlands.

The word "Netherlands" means "low countries." This strange little peninsular country, with its area of 12,648 square miles, is the most characteristic portion of the great plain of Northern and Western Europe. The Netherlands occupy the lowest part of this vast plain, some portions of it being nearly twenty feet below the surface of the sea. Nearly the entire tract is much too low for natural drainage. The coast line is very irregular and is marked by the great inlet, the Zuyder Zee. The

coast is so low that if it were not for great sea dikes large areas of the country would be covered with water and lost to the inhabitants. Dikes are also used in the interior to protect the land from the various lakes and rivers. In many cases dikes are built to reclaim swampy pieces of land by draining, the water being pumped up by windmills.

The climate of the Netherlands is changeable and disagreeable. It is an agricultural and dairying country, and markedly different from the part of Germany that we have just left. There we saw no cattle or horses; but here we see great numbers of fine herds placidly grazing on rich pasturage. The dairy produce is the chief industry of the Netherlands. Holland at one time of the world's history was the most important commercial country in the world, and is even yet of great importance commercially.

As we pass over this great tract of low land we see fertile fields or pastures on which graze countless herds of cattle raised for dairying. Great stretches of heath border the railroad tracks for miles. The heaths are covered with beautiful Scotland heather, rich with purple bloom, that stretches like a vast fairy-like carpet before our admiring vision.

Just before we crossed the Holland border we were told to assemble at the next station, which we were fast approaching, to declare our baggage and have it examined by the customs. This is rather perfunctory, as but a brief glance is given the luggage contents. We clamber hurriedly on the train once more, as we are anxious to be on our way again. We have been anxiously watching through the car window to see the wonderful old windmills for which Holland in years gone by was famous. Shortly we spy one, to our great delight; but we had expected to see many of them and are surprised to see only a few.

We see several children, wearing wooden shoes, trudging through the pastures after their cattle. We begin to feel that we will see something really different now—something new to our American eyes. But we are doomed to disappointment, for Holland, like nearly all European countries, is so progresisve that she has torn away from her quaint old customs and costumes and is forging to the front too rapidly to be interesting. The

PEASANTS FROM RURAL DISTRICTS, HOLLAND

CART DRAWN BY DOGS USED IN RURAL DISTRICTS OF HOLLAND

quaint old costumes of years gone by are not to be seen, except in the interior, in the tiny villages where a few of the old customs are still in vogue.

We find the country intersected in every direction with myriads of canals. We wonder how the cattle, grazing so contentedly in the pastures, cross the many canals and find their way home; they must wade, for we see but few bridges, and those are only narrow foot bridges.

It is almost nightfall when we reach the great city of Amsterdam, that buzzing beehive of industry. We leave the railway station—a fine, imposing structure—and find our way to the street, where we are immediately surrounded by several dozen cab-drivers, who earnestly beseech us, in several languages, to allow them to drive us to an hotel. Before a choice can be made one more enterprising than the rest grabs our hand baggage and rapidly makes way to his cab. We follow, fearing to lose our baggage, to the utter disgust and indignation of the rest of the cabbies, who blather to themselves and, with sundry loud exclamations, threaten the successful cabman. The drive to the hotel we find very interesting. The little we see on this drive shows us that the city is extremely active and similar to any of our large cities at home.

Amsterdam is a very progressive city and has kept splendid pace with modern progress. In our ignorance of foreign lands we had expected to see the people dressed in native costume and wearing wooden shoes. But we find them garbed very similar to ourselves. Upon inquiry we are told that wooden shoes are only worn in rural districts by the peasants.

Amsterdam, which is the capital of Holland, is one of the chief commercial cities of Europe. It is built on piles, owing to the lowness of its site, and is divided by canals into about ninety islands, which are connected by 300 bridges. There is a very fine harbor running along the whole north side of the city, surrounded by docks and basins. The trade is very great, owing to a great ship-canal, fifteen miles long, which connects the Y River directly with the North Sea. During the seventeenth century Amsterdam was the wealthiest city in the world. Its forced alliance with France ruined its trade, but since 1813 its commerce

CANAL AND RAILWAY STATION, AMSTERDAM

THE MUNT TOWER, AMSTERDAM

has revived. One of the industries for which Amsterdam is world-famous is diamond cutting.

The accompanying picture is that of the Queen's Palace. Architecturally it is of little importance on the exterior, and is so uninteresting that we pass it without a suspicion that the rather shabby looking building before us is a palace. It is in the heart of the city, and is so unlike what we had imagined a palace would be that we couldn't believe our eyes and ears when the driver pointed it out and told us what it was. The word "palace," somehow or other, conveys to the mind grandeur and the acme of luxury and opulence. It is simply a revelation to a plain, everyday American to pass through some of these foreign palaces and see how very commonplace and tawdry they really are.

The palace at Amsterdam was originally built to be used as a city hall, and many millions of dollars were spent on the interior decorations. For the small fee of fifty cents you can go through the palace, in company with a guide, and it is a very unique trip. The guide, a portly Hollander, greatly impressed with his own importance, conducted our party, with others to the number of about twenty-five, through the palace. He is quite a linguist, speaking many languages, and made explanations in English, German and French for the benefit of our many-nationality party.

I wonder if Americans are possessed of more vivid imaginations than other nationalities, or whether it happened to be my own vivid imagination that was at fault! And then, it couldn't be myself alone, for others in the party experienced the same disappointment that I did. Well, at any rate, we had all evidently pictured a palace as a magnificent structure, sumptuously furnished and embellished with the greatest treasures of art. Personally I had expected to catch my breath in admiration at the sight of exquisite draperies, fine silken rugs—in fact, all the wonders of the Orient blended together to create a perfect setting for the Queen of the nation.

We find many superb paintings by the various masters, worth gigantic sums. The marbles used for decorative purposes are of the costliest. There are numerous fine masterpieces of statuary.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S PALACE, AMSTERDAM

"DAMRAK"—THE STREET, AMSTERDAM

LANDING THE MORNING MILK AT AMSTERDAM

THE VEGETABLE MARKET, AMSTERDAM

Our attention was attracted by several magnificent marble friezes of historical subjects. It is like traversing a beautiful picture gallery or museum of art; but it takes the wildest stretch of the imagination to call this building a palace. The ball room is the one beautiful room in the entire palace. It has a handsome floor and many marvelous cut glass chandeliers.

To enhance the beauty of the fine paintings, the statuary and the like, soft, rich draperies and beautiful rugs would transform the palace to a palace as gorgeous as any of the Arabian nights. But, hush! Let me whisper it gently—the rugs and hangings are tawdry and shabby. The place is so bare of furniture as to make one shiver at the barrenness of it all. In some of the rooms the walls are hung in satin panels, but the satin is faded and hangs disconsolately, as if apologizing for its own shortcomings. The carpets and rugs are very faded and shabby, and were never, even in the beginning, what we would call real good quality.

After it was all over and we had seen the palace we thanked our guide and left the place. Once more in the bright sunshine and pure crisp air, we breathed a sigh of relief—relief because of the fact that we are not of the blood that necessitates living in such a great barnlike structure in which one could not possibly be happy or "com'fy." No gas or electric light, mind you; no steam heat or good old reliable furnace to keep the place warm. No attempt is made to heat the entire building. Only certain rooms are heated when occasion arises, for the Queen only spends one week in April of each year in her royal palace at Amsterdam. And we, none of us, blamed her for not wishing to remain there. A young girl in the party turned, with girlish abandon, and exclaimed, "Well, I was never so surprised in all my life. So that's a palace! Well, thank heaven, I don't have to live in one of them. America is good enough for me." We smile benignly on her impetuosity, for she has bespoken our own thoughts.

We have the pleasure of witnessing the Queen's birthday festivities, which are most interesting. The Hollanders are such a happy, jovial people that it is a most agreeable change from the frowns and black looks of the Germans. The Hollander looks at you curiously good-natured, with a happy smile on his face. If

A PEASANT WOMAN'S HEADDRESS, HOLLAND

you smile also he will bow pleasantly and go on about his business.

Queen Wilhelmina is greatly adored by her people. Her birthday fell on a Saturday this year and the celebration lasted all day. It was a great feast day. Games and performances of all kinds were held in the city park for the multitude and there were hundreds of small booths where edibles and baubles could be purchased. Toward the close of the day the crowd became more hilarious. By midnight they were walking arm in arm, hundreds of them, down the middle of the street, probably twenty-five abreast, like a regiment of soldiers, singing at the top of their voices. Street pianos played merrily the popular American song, "Everybody's Doin' It," and the boys and girls waltzed happily in the public square to the music. Through it all everyone was intensely happy, good-humored and orderly.

We find many things to interest us in Amsterdam, and we find our stay, indeed, too short to be able to see the many things of interest. We drive through the parks and view the many fine residences and public buildings. We have a glance at the famous old Munt Tower. Just a peep into the museum, with its splendid collection of antiquities. It is only a glance here and another one there, for we are only able to "skim the surface" in our sight-seeing in Holland.

A last place of interest visited was the home of Rembrandt, the most celebrated painter and etcher of the Dutch school. He was born in 1606 and died in 1669. The old house in which he lived for so many years is preserved as a sort of museum and contains many fine specimens of his art.

Among the many delightful drives around the city is one of particular interest. It follows the wharves and furnishes an excellent view of the many canals where hundreds of funny old canal houseboats ply their trade carrying the dairying products from the rural districts to the various cities and towns. Entire families live on these boats and they can be seen on deck most of the time, from the father down to the cunning little tots with their round Dutch faces and pigtails.

It is with a feeling of regret that we leave Holland, for every moment spent within the confines of the country has been filled

LIFE ON A DUTCH CANAL BOAT, AMSTERDAM

with pleasure. Everyone has treated the Americans with courtesy and respect and we would like to tarry, but as the lure of Paris is upon us we feel we cannot return to American shores without having seen Paris. We find that to go to Paris we must pass through the Kingdom of Belgium. We purchase our tickets as far as Brussels, so that we may have an opportunity of having a fleeting glance of Belgium's metropolis.

CHAPTER IV.

BELGIUM occupies an area of 11,366 square miles and has the densest population of any European state (508 per square mile) and is composed of two distinct races—Flemish, who are of German, and Walloons, who are of French extraction. The Flemings speak a dialect of German and the Walloons a corruption of French intermixed with phrases of Spanish and other languages. French, however, is the official and literary language of Belgium.

Brussels is the capital of Belgium and is a miniature Chicago or New York, for it is hustling and bustling from daylight until dark and then half the night. It is a very gay city, and is divided into two sections, upper and lower sections. The upper section of the city is partly inside the boulevards and is the finest part of the city, including the King's Palace, which is a very handsome building; the Palace of the Chambers, the Palace of Justice (an enormous building of very imposing appearance) which is ranked as one of the finest in Europe, the Palace of Fine Arts, public library, museum, etc. There is a very fine park covering an area of nearly twenty acres, around which many of the public buildings are grouped. The upper town is of more modern architecture in its buildings, while the lower town still retains an interesting antiquated appearance of the past.

The Hotel de Ville, which was built in 1401-55, is a great Gothic structure with a spire 364 feet in height. The square in front of this building is perhaps the most picturesque of all public places in the city. The finest church is the beautiful Cathedral of Saint Gudule, dating from the thirteenth century. While it is a city of fine churches, the cathedral is superior to all others. It has a magnificent collection of sculpture and paintings.

Brussels is an historic city, rich in the vicissitudes that go to make or unmake a great city. In 1044 it was walled by Baldric of Louvain; in 1380 it was more completely fortified; was twice

A STREET SCENE IN BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

burned and once ravaged by the plague during the fifteenth century. In 1695 it was bombarded and burned by the French; was again captured and taken by the French in 1794 and retained until 1814, when it once more became an important city. From 1815 to 1830 it was one of the capitals of the Kingdom of the Netherlands and in 1830 was the chief center of the revolt which resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland. It is a wondrously rich city, with a large, enormously wealthy population. One of the industries for which Brussels is famous is the manufacture of Brussels laces.

We would have liked very much to have stopped off at Antwerp, but owing to lack of time we are obliged to go on at once if we wish to see the Mecca of all sight-seers—Paris. We leave Brussels with deep regret, for we have not been able to go to see the historical battlefield of Waterloo. Waterloo is a little village about ten miles southeast of Brussels. It is famous for the memorable battle which was fought here on June 18, 1815, and which resulted in the defeat of Napoleon by the Duke of Wellington and shattered the power of the despotic Frenchman. The British army, led by Wellington, dispersed the French army and seized their baggage, artillery, etc. The French loss in killed, wounded and prisoners amounted to between 40,000 and 50,000. The allied loss amounted to 23,000 killed and wounded.

Everyone that goes to Belgium always makes it a point to visit the famous old battlefield, so that we feel that we have missed one of the places of interest that we should have seen.

CHAPTER V.

IT is a five-hour journey from Brussels to Paris. We are still traveling second-class on the railroads, but we are told to change to first-class once we cross the French border, as the second-class accommodations are wretched in France.

A fellow traveler has informed us that we will find France a slovenly, unsanitary, and in fact a dirty country where the majority of the people are not overly cleanly in their homes and about their cooking. The Germans and the Hollandisch are very clean and neat, as we learned by personal observation.

The country is very interesting viewed from the car windows. We have one fault to find with foreign car windows and that is the narrowness of them. They are such a marked contrast to our own wide windows at home, where it is a pleasure to watch the swiftly flying landscape. This hurried little trip through Germany, Holland, Belgium and now France, has made us all wish that we had spent a little time studying the topography of the land across the seas and polished up our history and geography before we left home. It has been so long since our schooldays that we find historical places and dates have an unpleasant habit of tripping us when we start globe trotting. Our old reliable Baedeker, however, is a source of great comfort, for when we become too hopelessly entangled historically and geographically, we have but to turn to this guide book and soon be set right again.

We had really forgotten, until we consulted our map, that France is a real maritime country, situated in the western part of Europe. On the north it is bounded by the Straits of Dover and the English Channel; on the west by the Bay of Biscay; east and northeast by Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium, while on the south it is bounded by Spain and the Mediterranean Sea. Its greatest length is 600 miles, running from north to south, while its greatest width is 547 miles.

Fortunately, we have a fellow passenger traveling in our compartment, a native born Frenchman speaking English very fluently, who gives us some very reliable information regarding the resources of his country. He informs us that about nine-tenths of the soil of the country is productive, and about one-half is under cultivation by the plow. The cultivated crops consist of wheat, rye, oats, barley, etc. The Government monopolizes the cultivation of tobacco. As good grass pasturage is not overly plentiful in France, the breeding of cattle is but indifferently practiced. However, there is a great demand for good horses for the army, and considerable pains is taken in the Government stud to improve the breeds. Excellent horses are bred in the northern part of France.

One of the most important industries, agriculturally, is the cultivation of the grape vine. In this the French are unsurpassed, and the various wines which they produce, such as Champagne, Burgundy, Bordeaux, etc., are known throughout the world and are in even greater demand in some countries than the Rhine and Moselle wines of Germany.

France has been a republic since the overthrow of the second empire by a Paris mob on Sept. 4, 1870. Probably no country in the world's history has seen more bloodshed than France. What atrocious crimes were committed, in Liberty's name, during the bloody Reign of Terror, when the cobbled streets of Paris ran rivers of human blood! Every reader of history has probably longed to visit the historical places of interest in and about Paris.

We arrive in Paris at eleven-thirty at night. We have heard so much of the gay, bizarre life of Paris that we expect to find the city flooded with light and the streets as densely crowded as in mid-day. We had arrived at Brussels at nearly midnight and found that capital in a perfect furore of festivities. The streets were thronged, the boulevard cafes were crowded and bands were playing in the streets despite the downfall of a heavy drizzling rain. The awnings dripped pools of water on the gay revellers, but it did not deter their pleasure.

We leave the train at Paris and make our way outside the station. We find the street very quiet and with an air of deser-

tion that is surprising. We hail a passing cab, clamber in, and give the driver the name of the hotel where we wish to go. He cracks his whip and yells "Yip" at the decrepit old creature, supposedly a horse and we clatter noisily over the cobblestones. Now, the German cabby has a very similar way of starting his steed, but his mode of expression is quite different. The Frenchman shrills "Yip" while the German chirrups in a low gutteral "Brr-r-t." The word has the same effect, however, for the poor old beasts hobble along as quickly as possible. You never saw such miserable specimens of horses in your life as you find hitched to the foreign cabs. The taxicabs are driving the cabbies out of business; I suppose that accounts for the use of such poor horseflesh. Speaking of horseflesh reminds me of something I wish to touch upon at this time before it slips my mind. In France the very poor people, and in fact, many who are not so poor, purchase and use horseflesh for food, as beef is very expensive. It is said that horseflesh is far superior to poor beef, and that the people acquire a liking for it. It is sold at markets where beef is also sold, but the law is that any shop dealing in horseflesh must notify the public to that effect by placing the figure of a horse's head over the door of the shop. This notifies the people that horseflesh is sold within.

Now to return to the cabby who is driving us up and down the streets of Paris close on to midnight. He is shrewd enough to recognize that we are Americans and strangers, so he is driving us thither and yon. After about twenty minutes' ride through deserted streets, where nothing is heard but the tinkle of the bells worn on the cab horses, we arrive at our hotel. We afterwards find that the cabby has deliberately driven us in a circle, you might say, in order to make us believe he was conveying us some distance and thus increase his fare. In reality the hotel is but six blocks from the depot.

Arriving at the hotel we find that it is as "dead" as the proverbial door nail—and it is not quite midnight. And this is Paris—gay Paree! We have selected a hotel in close proximity to the Louvois Square, most admirably situated, and highly recommended as being excellent and reasonable. We had been warned about the best hotels in Paris, that their prices were

so outrageously exorbitant that no one but a millionaire could afford to put up at them. A rather good story is told about a well-known American financier who spent a few days in one of the famous Parisian hotels. Just before he left the place his bill was brought to him, at his request, while he was in company with a party of friends. He glanced at the bill, which was grossly exorbitant. Turning to the manager, he said:

"You must surely have made a mistake in this bill."

"Oh, no, Monsieur Morgan; there is no mistake, I assure you. We never make mistakes," smiled the manager rubbing his hands nervously.

"But I insist," said Mr. Morgan, "you have made a mistake this time."

The manager's face clouded angrily. Mr. Morgan smiled quizzically as he abstracted a roll of bills from his purse, adding:

"You know—I COULD pay more."

The point to this story is that the French hotelkeeper sizes up his patron. If he is an American, he is charged not only for his accommodations, but for the privilege of being allowed to stop at a Parisian hotel. If he looks as though he can stand it—oh, well, they add at least fifty per cent to the bill.

Well, you see I have wandered away from the subject again. Let me see, where did I leave you? Oh, yes. The Louvois Hotel, situated in Square Louvois. You see, I am giving you the name so that if you ever visit Paris you may look up this French hotel, as it is not only fairly reasonable, but the cuisine and service is excellent.

As we are most dreadfully tired, we are glad to retire to rest and leave the exploration of Paris for the morrow. But we retire with a feeling of disappointment, for we have not found Paris what we expected. The gayest city in the world, where the people never sleep—where the streets are supposedly emblazoned with light, music, laughter and song! Why, New York and Chicago both have more lights in one of their city blocks than you will find in Paris in a mile. The gayety and laughter may be there, but it is not to be found on the streets.

While we are supposedly sleeping the sleep of the just a little history of Paris will not come amiss.

Paris, as you know, is the capital of France. It lies in the Seine Valley. The river runs from east to west, enclosing two islands, upon which part of the city is built. This stream (Seine River) is navigable by small steamers. On both sides of the Seine extend embankments of solid masonry which protect the city from inundation and form fine promenades. The city is surrounded by a great wall or fortification, which measures over 22 miles.

After a good night's rest we are ready to go sight-seeing. We rise and find that our breakfast is brought to our room without extra charge. The French breakfast is very similar to the German one—namely, rolls, coffee, tea or chocolate.

We found it very difficult to become accustomed to the German breakfast. Americans, accustomed to a fairly substantial breakfast of fruit, cereal, eggs, toast and coffee, find it a great hardship to breakfast on dry rolls, without butter, coffee, strong as lye, without cream, thinned with a dubious skimmed milk. The German breakfasts the year round on rolls and coffee. He does not use butter, and it is never served in Germany unless ordered and paid extra for. The reason for this is that Germany is not a dairying country, and butter and cream cost exorbitantly. A few of the best and highest priced hotels, we are told, supply butter for their patrons, but very few of them.

Water is never served at the table in Germany. Just think of it, dear reader, you who are accustomed to good drinking water and plenty of it,—never having a glass of good water to drink, being forced to drink beer or wine when you are thirsty, or to buy charged water, which is not palatable to many people, myself being one of them. We spent 29 days in Germany and I never had a glass of good drinking water while in the Empire. I was so desperate for a good, cold drink of water that I could hardly refrain from rushing out in the public highway and shouting at the top of my voice:

"My kingdom for a drink of water."

If you desire water at table and you ask the waiter to bring you some, he looks at you as though you were a mild kind of

lunatic. The German can be pardoned, to a certain extent for drinking little water as the ordinary water in Germany is simply horrible. When you order water, therefore, you are obliged to drink a charged water, for which, of course, you must pay. The German drinks his beer morning, noon and night. Even the wee mites of children drink their beer the same as the grown-ups.

In France we find that the breakfasts improve to the extent of the serving of good cream for the coffee and excellent unsalted butter for the rolls. Sometimes they serve a little—oh, a very wee little bit of jam. French cooking, we learn by experience, is far superior to German.

After we have seen a little of Paris and observed the ways of its people we learn that the French are as great wine drinkers as the Germans are beer drinkers. Outside of the restaurants are boulevard cafes, occupying the sidewalk space. These boulevard cafes contain dozens of small tables where the people sit and drink, smoke and watch the passersby. Here is where the French Beau Brummel sips his absinthe and ogles every good looking woman or girl that passes by. Here also you will find the married couples and the little children, all seated at the cafe tables sipping their wine. I have seen tots four and five years of age sitting at these tables with their elders with their wine before them. Little children, that in America you would see at the soda water fountain or munching a bag of peanuts, are drinking wine like seasoned old topers. In Germany it is beer, in France it is wine. But the custom is the same—drink, drink—old and young. The young not in such quantities, 'tis true, but nevertheless they drink; of that there is no question.

A little quiet observation of the average German's daily life when we were touring the Fatherland gave us a better understanding of the cause of their slow, heavy, plethoric natures. We believe it is partially caused by the amount of beer consumed each day by the ordinary German that makes this type sluggish and slow-witted. The German does not drink his beer at one draught, as does the American. He sips it slowly and enjoys every drop. He has it served with his breakfast, again at noon and again at night. After he has dined in the evening

he sits in one of the street cafes and drinks a cup of black coffee, perhaps; but he shortly returns to the beer again, until midnight. He retires for the night, rises in the morning and is perfectly satisfied with a breakfast of dry rolls, coffee, a slice of cold boiled ham and more beer. It is said that beer-drinking has been, and is today, the curse of Germany. It is considered a menace to the nation and is causing considerable perturbation among the thinkers who have the welfare of the nation at heart, and steps are being taken to try and curb the increase of beer drinking in the Empire.

As I said before, in France the custom is the same, the only difference being that here the drink is wine and absinthe. But it is drank for breakfast, dinner and supper and then half the night. The result is a nation of physical weaklings. And the pity of it all is that the women and little children drink the same as the men.

But to change the subject and take you all away from the breakfast table at the Louvois (pronounced Luvwa) we are going sight-seeing. We will take a taxi, of which there is great abundance. You never saw so many taxicabs in all your life as there are in Paris, and the beauty of it is that the charges are so small that one can ride all the time—it is as cheap to ride as walk. Just think! you can ride almost anywhere, in the heart of Paris, as many as can pile in the taxi, for a franc or two. A franc is about 19 cents our money. Everybody rides—no one walks, because you take your life in your hands every time you cross a street in Paris. They say the people are killed and maimed like sheep on the Paris streets—run down by trams and taxis. So to be on the safe side, take a taxi. Now, don't forget to tip your driver, for he expects it, and if you should happen to forget it he is liable to throttle you. Unlike the German cabby, however, the Frenchman is satisfied with a small tip. A few centimes will satisfy him. But not so the German. I handed a waiter ten pfennigs (2½ cents in our money), which I had been told would be considered a liberal fee in Germany, and the look he gave me froze my blood—I didn't get over the shock for a week—I actually tremble now when I think of it. A fellow traveler, pitying my distress, explained that the Ger-

man expects at least ten per cent of your bill for a tip—always. And imagine my handing him the equivalent of 2½ cents. Can you not picture the scene? Consequently, if your bill amounts to $1.00 you give the waiter at least ten cents. We know, by experience, that that is about the amount one tips in America—yet we have been told that European tips, while numerous, were so small as to be a mere bagatelle. Before we get through with our trip, however, we find that the tipping is a good fifty per cent of our expenses. The worst of it is if one could tip the man or woman who actually serves you—but you must commence with the boots (porter), and tip every servant in the house when you leave the hotel, and if you do not pay your tip willingly, of your own accord, in many cases in Germany ten per cent is added to your bill with the following notice:

"So many patrons leaving the hotel neglect to pay for the service they receive that we are obliged to add ten per cent" (or whatever per cent it is) "to your bill, which will be distributed among the servants who have had charge of your comfort while here," etc.

Did you ever hear of anything so preposterous in your life as being forced to pay the highest price for your hotel accommodations and then servants' hire for the establishment, added to your bill? We found Germany the worst of all the five countries visited, as the German has little or no pride about a systematic hold-up of patrons. They are regular mendicants. Without tipping in Germany you are treated worse than a convict. By tipping you are tolerated. Unless you shower gold you will be frowned upon. The drawback to European travel is the systematic "hold-up" game that is practiced on travelers, particularly Americans. They believe that all Americans are rich beyond the dreams of Aladdin, and each and every one is of the firm conviction that "a fool and his money are soon parted"—and they do the "parting" most effectually.

Well, I had you all safe in a taxicab and then I wandered away on the tipping evil. To again digress, we find our drive delightful. We are particularly interested in the houses of Paris, for most of them are built of a peculiar white calcareous

"THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES," PARIS

(lime) stone. The height ranges from five to six stories and they are arranged in separate tenements. The population of Paris is greatly congested in these tenement districts. An unbelievable number of people living in one block in some portions of the city.

The streets are very narrow and irregular in the older part of the city and not overly clean. In the newer part, however, the avenues and boulevards are broad and well paved. There are many fine boulevards, but one in particular, known as The Boulevard, extends in an irregular arc, on the north side of the Seine, from the Place de la Bastile on the east to the Place de la Madeline on the west. Here our attention is attracted to two of the most magnificent arches—the triumphal arches of Porte St. Denis and Porte St. Martin. They are truly superb.

There are many ways of seeing Paris. The best way, in our humble estimation, is to take the Cook tours. Yes, I know what you are saying,—how everyone ridicules the Cook tourist. I was actually afraid to ride in a Cook sightseeing machine for fear people would think I was an ignorant specie of American. How much fun has been poked at the Cook tourist. There may be truth in the fun, but I want to say this, we are going to take Cook's auto tours to several places of interest and I know we are going to enjoy them. But first we will finish our taxi drive.

We drive through some of the most notable squares, the Place de la Concorde, one of the largest and most beautiful in Europe. We are much impressed with the exquisite beauty of the gardens of the Tuileries, which is adorned with many fine statues and fountains. The Tuileries was once the residence or royal palace of the French monarchs and is situated on the right bank of the Seine river. Catherine de Medici began the building in 1564. Henry IV added considerably to it and founded the gallery (1600). Louis XIV enlarged the buildings in 1654 and completed the gallery. During the revolution (1830) it was sacked. It was restored to all its former grandeur by Louis Philippe, but in 1848 it was again pillaged. It then became a hospital, then a picture gallery, and finally the home of Louis Napoleon in 1851. May 23, 1871, it was almost totally

destroyed by fire and the remaining portions were removed in 1883.

Our drive takes us through the finest park in Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, which covers an area of over 2,000 acres and comprises the race courses of Longchamps and Auteuil.

One of the places of the greatest historical interest, which we have been most anxious to see is the Place de la Bastile. The Bastile was a prison and a citadel built in 1370 by Charles V. It was used chiefly for the confinement of persons of rank who became victims to the intriques of the court or the caprice of the government. The opening wedge of the Revolution was made when the hated Bastile was captured by a Parisian mob July 14, 1789. After a fierce struggle the Bastile was seized by the infuriated populace; the Governor, Delaunay, who had resisted the attack, was seized, but on the way to the townhall he was torn from his captors and put to death. The next day the destruction of the Bastile commenced. A great granite column marks the spot where the Bastile once tortured its royal victims.

Paris is a city of fine churches. It would take page upon page to adequately picture the many magnificent churches and buildings of historical interest in Paris. As our time in the French metropolis is limited we are obliged to see only the most (to us) alluring places of interest. The one place of all others that every tourist visits in Paris is the tomb of the great Napoleon. The accompanying picture gives a slight idea of it, but can in no way reproduce the magnificent grandeur of this beautiful place. It is a most impressive piece of art in the hotel des Invalides. The remains of Turenne and several other great French commanders are also deposited here.

Napoleon's tomb is a magnificent and awe-inspiring spectacle. It is guarded day and night by two of the oldest French soldiers living. One is well along in his eighties and the other in his nineties. We all gather around the great bronze doors that guard the tomb, where stands the proud old guard, and many shake hands with him. He is delighted with the attention he receives and we are all touched.

DOME OF THE INVALIDES AND TOMB OF NAPOLEON
STAIRS AT TOP OF PICTURE LEAD TO LE SANCTUAIRE, PARIS

The tomb is not the only remarkable object of interest to be seen in this building. The most exquisitely beautiful sanctuary called "Le Sanctuaire de la Chappelle St. Louis" attracts our attention. I wish I could describe it as it is indelibly photographed upon my brain. A wonderful alcove or recess in the shape of an arc—the entire arc constructed of amber-colored glass of such marvelous concentration of light that the entire recess is bathed in a golden halo so spiritual and glorious that even in the darkest hour of the night that wondrous golden light streams from the amber-colored glass and pierces the gloom. Neither pen nor tongue can adequately describe the mysterious reverential awe, the nearness to the divine presence, actually unseen but physically felt. We cease speaking as that wondrous golden light, so full of love, promise and hope eternal, quickens our pulses with its silent message and sends us away better men and women for having spent a moment's silent devotion at this holy shrine.

The secret process of manufacture of this wonderful amber glass was lost to the world by the death of the inventor. I regret to say that the name of the inventor has slipped my mind, and as I neglected to make a note of it I am unable to give it. This window or glass recess is the only one of its kind in the whole world. Other similar processes have been invented by which glass, of supposedly the same peculiar concentration of light, was manufactured, but upon trial it always failed to concentrate and hold the light after dark.

EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS

CHAPTER VI.

FOR the benefit of the ladies in our party we are going shopping this morning. Was ever the woman born who has not longed for the opportunity to shop in Paris, the leader of the world's fashions? We have heard so many conflicting stories regarding Parisian shops that we are anxious to see for ourselves what is what. We take a taxi early in the morning and drive to the Galleries Lafayette. We have been told that while this is not one of the best shops, it is the most reasonable store in Paris. It is but a moment's ride, and as we draw up to the curb we catch our first glimpse of a Paris department store. We can scarcely believe our eyes,—but yes, it is actually a fact, the pavement in front of the place is crowded with great tables heaped with the greatest conglomeration of dry goods, notions, rugs, cutlery, hardware—any old thing. It looks more like an old clothes shop than it does an up-to-date dry goods establishment. We elbow our way through the crowd, for even at nine-thirty in the morning the place is jammed with women. Once inside we ask for an interpreter. A dapper little gentleman takes us in tow and we tell him we wish to see the ladies' gowns and suits. We spend a busy morning looking over the different styles of frocks, dinner gowns, etc. We have been told that shopping in Paris is perplexing as the goods are marked in francs instead of dollars.

"Just multiply the number of francs by two and you will have the amount in American money," we are advised.

Let us try it. Here we see a suit marked "200 francs." Before we are able to decide whether it is a bargain or not we must reduce the francs into good old American dollars by multiplying the 200 francs by two, giving us the American equivalent of forty dollars. Of course it is not quite forty dollars, as a franc is a fraction over nineteen cents; but that is near

enough. We decide that the suit is not a bargain, for, upon examination, we find it of poor quality and workmanship.

Thinking possibly that silk hose might be cheaper here than at home we inquire regarding them, and we are surprised to find the ordinary cheaper grade of hose that can be bought at home for $1.00 would cost $2.00 per pair in Paris, and are not nearly as good in quality. Silk is very expensive. Woolens, cottons and linens are cheaper.

We found that it was impossible to shop advantageously in Germany, so we bought as little as we possibly could. When an American enters an European shop, particularly where the shop window bears a sign "English spoken," the prices soar immediately. The houses are not one-price houses; they fluctuate according to the appearance of the prospective purchaser. We were told that we could buy the most exquisite linens in Germany for a mere song. I searched diligently for them, but found that I could get identically the same linens at Marshall Field's, in Chicago, for at least one-third to one-half less. Consequently we did little shopping in Germany. In Holland it was the same. In Belgium good bargains could be had in Brussels laces, but that was about all. So we saved our pennies and looked forward to a riotous shopping tour in Paris. Here again we are doomed to disappointment. Everywhere it is the same,—prices soar the minute an American enters the store. We have been warned to never pay the price marked or asked for an article, but to say, "Too much," and make a bluff at leaving the shop and that invariably the price will be reduced rather than a sale lost. This is our first trip abroad, and it would never do to return home without some Parisian clothes, so we spend days searching for something suitable to both purse and style.

We are much amused at the ludicrous notions the French tradesmen have of American shops. They imagine that we are at least two years behind in our styles. What is not sold in Paris—the left-overs—are supposed to be good enough for America.

"Madam won't care for this advanced style, it will be too new for America," we are told by the attentive salesman.

No, Madam doesn't care particularly for the style, for it is the harem skirt which was introduced in America shortly after its advent in Paris—worn for a very short time and discarded ages ago.

"I suppose that American styles are vastly different from those you find here," chatters our salesman ingratiatingly.

"Not at all," we reply. "Our great shops, both in Chicago and New York, have excellent foreign buyers, and our styles and fashions in America, if anything, are much more distinctive and attractive than what you have here."

"Oui," smiles the salesman disbelievingly with uplifted eyebrows.

Of course he doesn't believe us, for he thinks, as do all of the rest of these manikins, that America is a regular old junk heap, where the women (save those rich enough to go to Paris for their wardrobes) are frowsy and unkempt and don't know how to wear good clothes. How surprised this class of Parisians would be if they could see how far superior the American shops, such as Wanamaker's in Philadelphia and New York, and Marshall Field's in Chicago, are to their dowdy little one-horse buildings in Paris.

We leave the Galleries Lafayette and drive to the Louvre, one of the fashionable shops, and from there to the Bon Marche. The Bon Marche is a store, similar in many respects to the Galleries. Here we really do pick up a good bargain in the way of men's gloves. They are a very superior quality of both glace and suede kid gloves for about 35 cents a pair in our money. These gloves would cost at the very lowest calculation, at home, from $1.50 to $2.00 per pair. We find in the gown department a very pretty little velvet house gown or wrapper, made in Empire style, for the modest sum of $7.50, which is also an excellent bargain.

The windows of the Louvre are large plate glass ones, similar to our own shop windows at home, and are more attractively decorated than any of the other stores. The Galleries Lafayette pay little attention to window decorations, as the pavement counters bar the windows. The windows of both the Galleries

and the Bon Marche are crowded with a conglomeration of goods, more on the country store order.

The Louvre has no pavement counters, and the window exhibit is fairly good. Another fashionable shop is Printemps, which is really considered the best in Paris and much more expensive. We are greatly disappointed in the French shops. We are accustomed to having our comfort looked after in the big stores at home, but no attention whatever is paid to the comfort of patrons in Paris. There the only desire of the shopkeeper is to sell goods, and he makes no attempt to cater to the comfort of his customers. The French shops are a snare and a delusion, and are disappointing in the extreme. They are a delight to the woman with enormous wealth, for there are many beautiful baubles to be purchased at good prices. A woman must be well balanced and a good, strong will to not succumb to the temptations of beautiful fabrics and the thousand and one things that go to make up a well-dressed woman's wardrobe. There are many beautiful things, but the prices are exorbitantly high in almost every case. While the shops are filled with splendid materials, the Parisian shop-keeper doesn't know the first thing about attractively displaying his wares. Counters of the most magnificent silks and velvets jostle counters liable to contain any kind of junk: no harmony of fabric or colors, just a huge conglomeration of the whole. The clerks are attentive, and the one trouble is that there are too many clerks in each shop. When a customer enters a store half a dozen clerks rush up and try to wait on you. In London it is different; but we will speak of that later on.

It has been said that you are forced to buy in the Parisian shops whether you wish to do so or not; but on the contrary, we have no difficulty along that line. We are shown the goods we ask to see, politely waited upon, and, if we say we do not wish them, the clerk apologizes for not having anything we care to purchase, and we pass on.

At the Louvre we find a pretty good suit for 250 francs, and another one for 200 francs. Although we can do nearly as well at home, we purchase several suits just to have something to show at home that came from Paris. We find some very

pretty and attractive hats, and we purchase several. The models are really the only new thing we have seen so far. The suits and gowns are, many of them, so distinctively new and Parisian that none but the demi mondain would care to wear them.

We find many little novelty shops that have the quaintest, oddest little novelties that are entirely new to us. We pick up many dainty little odds and ends as souvenirs for home friends. A tiny little glove shop attracts our attention and we purchase some good gloves for less than fifty cents a pair.

We are simply bewildered by the magnificent window displays of fine jewels on the Rue de la Paix. The most marvelous diamonds and all varieties of precious stones. Diamonds and pearls worth a king's ransom are displayed in the jewelry windows. I never saw so many jewelry shops in my life—and such jewels! Nothing like them under the sun.

Before we close our shopping expedition we must take a look at furs, for we have been told they are to be had at extraordinarily low prices. We visit a reliable furrier and find this to be true. We select a handsome caracal stole or scarf for the neck which nearly touches the floor in length, lined with heavy satin of excellent quality, for the remarkable price of 48 francs, or a little less than $10. The same scarf at home could not be purchased under from $45 to $65. The assortment of furs to be found in the best fur stores in Paris is unexceptionally fine at prices ranging all the way from one-third to one-half less than we would pay for the same goods at home. The duty on imported furs is excessively high, so that one has not much advantage purchasing even at the extremely low price, for by the time the duty is added the purchase costs about the same as it would if bought at home. Superb skins of all textures and values are exhibited in the most beautiful combinations.

We have been very careful to keep all of our receipts for goods purchased so that if we are called upon to pay duty we will have the exact price paid for the articles, as it is said the customs office does not always affix the real purchasable value on goods, and one thereby loses the advantage gained by buying an article at a bargainable price.

We have noticed that about three out of every five French women we meet on the street are in mourning. The French are very fond of mourning and wear it under the slightest provocation. They go into as deep mourning for a cousin as a parent or child, and it is worn two to five years.

We shopped all day Saturday, promising ourselves an auto trip to either Versailles or Fontainbleau on Sunday. At luncheon we discuss which place it is to be, and finally the Fontainbleau contingent of our party win the argument that a 40-mile auto ride through the country district of France will be unsurpassable. On our way hotelward from the shopping district we stop at Cooks' and purchase our tickets, which cost $5.00 the round trip, including luncheon. We are lucky, for we have gotten outside seats on the sight-seeing auto, which holds 16 people.

Bright and early Sunday morning finds us in front of Cooks' in readiness to depart. The start is made promptly at ten o'clock. The morning is rather chill and we are wrapped up good and warm with plenty of heavy rugs around us. On the stroke of the hour we are off on the most delightful automobile trip it has ever been our good fortune to experience. Talk about ideal automobile roads; you never traversed such delightfully smooth roads in your life. After an hour's riding we leave the city behind us and are spinning over the country road at a 40-mile-an-hour clip. The road is bordered on each side by big shade trees and the entire landscape is delightfully restful and interesting. Just at the edge of town we pass an aeroplane school where ambitious people are taught to be aeronauts. We see a machine just rising from the ground. We watch it go through a few paces. But our machine is traveling along pretty rapidly and as the aeroplane is merely circling over the grounds we soon lose sight of it. We are bowling along, drinking in the deliciously crisp morning air, when we hear a buzz, which grows louder, and someone spies a big aeroplane coming from the south; we have a splendid view of it, and watch its maneuvers until it is lost to sight.

We see three flying machines before we reach Fontainbleau. Aeroplanes are becoming quite fashionable and smart in

"FLYING MACHINE," PARIS

Europe. The sons of wealth in Brussels all have aeroplanes, as well as several kinds of motor cars. It is the same way in Paris. To have a complete menage, an aeroplane must be added to the equipment.

Every moment of the drive to Fontainbleau is enjoyable. The town of Fontainbleau is in the midst of a forest of the same name. It is about two miles from the Seine river and 37 miles southeast of Paris. The town owes its origin chiefly to the palace, and is a quiet, pretty place with good, clean streets.

The palace of Fontainbleau occupied the site of a fortified chateau founded by Louis VII in 1162. This was converted into a palace by Francis I. Henry IV added considerable splendor to the place, as did in time Napoleon I, Philippe, and Napoleon III. The castle or palace is situated in a park that is laid out in a vast garden; it is adorned with beautiful statues, temples, fountains, lakes, waterfalls, and wonderfully rustic promenades. The forest is about 50 miles in circumference and covers an area of 42,500 acres, and abounds with game.

Just before we reach Fontainbleau, and after a drive through the forest of the most magnificent old beech trees, whose tops seemed to pierce the sky, we arrive at an hotel where we are told to alight and have our luncheon. We find that our tickets include the luncheon. The hotel is a handsome modern structure, elegantly equipped. The luncheon is most enjoyable, both cuisine and service being excellent.

A few moments later and we are again in our seats driving rapidly to the palace. It is quite an imposing building on the exterior, and in a fairly good state of preservation. We see many needed repairs that would add to the attractiveness of the place, but, considering its age and its vicissitudes, it is remarkably well kept. We enter the building and are asked to inscribe our names on the visitors' book, which we do, and we then follow a most dapper little French guide, who conducts us through the palace. He chatters volubly in French, and occasionally he condescends to explain in English; he speaks English well, but evidently does not think the American contingent as important as the French members of the party. Fortunately most of our

party speak English and they, good naturedly, translate what he says to us, who are not familiar with French.

The palace is an endless chain of rooms entering one into another. And let me tell you a secret—they are not nice rooms, either, many of them. There is not sufficient light, and lack of windows creates a somberness which detracts from them. Several centuries ago the palace must have been imposingly splendid, but now the tapestries, rugs, in fact all the furnishings are tarnished and shabby. In some of the rooms the floors are exquisitely inlaid, the walls and ceilings paneled; in other rooms the woodwork would disgrace an ordinary American kitchen.

There are hundreds of articles of great historical interest. It is in reality a splendid museum of antiquity. The boudoirs, once occupied by famous French queens and court favorites, are tiny, dark, box-like apartments, with the most uncomfortable looking beds imaginable. After viewing these rooms, which were considered a century or two ago the acme of luxury and opulence, we cannot help contrast them with the improvements of today.

There is a wonderful old chapel that holds us spellbound as we enter the gallery and sit on the hard velvet stools, on which royalty once sat and prayed in privacy while the rabble sat below and cast "sheep's-eyes" at the quality.

But we soon tire of the building and we hasten out of doors to see the famous carp pond of which we have read so often, where for several hundred years visitors have fed the gigantic carp, of unbelievable age, that boldly swim to the surface of the water and disport themselves for the amusement of the crowd which comes from all over the world to feed them. Small baskets of bread are sold visitors, and it is one of the attractions of Fontainbleau to feed the carp. They are said to be, many of them, three and four hundred years old. The lake is picturesque and the grounds are superb. Such trees! I never saw any to compare with them outside of the famous big trees of California—the Sequoia Sempervirens, which is the largest grove in the world of this species.

We spend about an hour at Fontainbleau and then return to our machine and are soon homeward bound, arriving in Paris just at sundown, after the most enjoyable day we have had on our journey. A day that we will treasure for years in our memory.

We did not have time to go to Versailles, one of the historically famous places of interest, about 11 miles southwest of Paris. It is said to be one of the handsomest towns in Europe. It was built by different sovereigns of France, particularly Louis XIV, who made it the seat of his court and erected a splendid palace. Louis Philippe converted the palace into a national museum, and it contains an immense collection of statues, wonderful paintings and works of art.

We have several Cook's tour rides about Paris and see the many places of historic interest. Our time in the French capital is only seven days, so we are not able to see but a very small portion of the many interesting things to be seen. We must be content, however, for half a loaf is better than no bread.

On one of our drives we visit the Eiffel Tower, one of Paris' curious sights of interest. It is a gigantic structure built by Gustave Eiffel, an engineer who was born in 1832 at Dijon, France. The tower was built for the Paris exposition of 1889, and made Mr. Eiffel's name famous throughout the civilized world. This tower is 984 feet high, and at an elevation of 896 feet it is 33 feet in diameter. The weight of the iron used in its construction is 7,300 tons. On the top of the structure is a great lantern, to which a system of elevators is run.

From Paris we have decided to go to England, just to have a peep at the largest city in the world; we may never have the opportunity of visiting Europe again, so we feel we must not lose the chance of seeing the great English metropolis. The English Channel is an arm of the sea separating England from France, extending on the English side from Dover to Land's End and on the French side from Calais to the Island of Ushant. The popular way of crossing the channel is to take steamer from Calais to Dover. The channel is choppy and

rough and every one, even seasoned old tourists, dread the crossing. Instead of crossing from Calais, we go to Boulogne.

Boulogne is a fortified seaport of France, situated at the mouth of the Lianne. Steamboats run daily between this place and England, crossing over in two or three hours. Napoleon Bonaparte, after deepening and fortifying the harbor, encamped 180,000 men here with the intention of invading Britain at a favorable moment; but upon the outbreak of hostilities with Austria in 1805, they were called to other places and the plan was abandoned.

We take the boat at around eleven o'clock. We have great difficulty getting a steamer chair, for they are sold; there is no place else to sit other than the steamer chairs unless we go inside where the people are laid out by the dozens waiting for the ship to start, which is a signal for them to become sea-sick. I am a great believer in autosuggestion. It exasperated me to see dozens of men and women lying stretched full length on couches, flat on their backs, waiting for the ship's motion, their signal for sea-sickness. Closed up in the close cabins they can't help being sick; they suggest sickness to themselves, and as a result of course they are sick—they would be grossly disappointed if they were not. It is such a beautiful day there is no sense in any one being sick. We finally bribe a young chap to sell us his steamer chair and we take turns sitting down and tramping the deck. The ship rolls occasionally, but we drink in the splendid salt air, clinch our teeth and will that we will not get sick, and the result is that none of us are the least sick. So much for the power of will over matter. We arrive at Folkestone as chipper as can be.

Folkestone is a seaport in the County of Kent, England. It is five or six miles from Dover and is a terminus of the South-eastern Railway and a chief station for steamers to and from Boulogne. It is a very popular wateringplace, and has a large shipping trade.

Here we have our baggage examined; the examination is again rather perfunctory and we are asked if we have any alcohol, and we say no. We board the train; an Englishman

and his mother occupy the same compartment. She is carrying a bottle of eau de cologne; she smiles:

"I had to declare my cologne."

"Why?" we question curiously.

"It contains alcohol," she explains. "You know, if you should be caught with anything containing alcohol——"

We begin to tremble in our shoes while the cold chills cavort playfully up and down our spinal column, for bless you, we have just oodles of eau de cologne in our steamer trunk and never thought of such a thing as declaring it because it contained alcohol. Also matches—a fine of, I believe, it is a pound ($5.00 in our money) for every match brought into the country. It is a Government monopoly, I guess.

The trip by train from Folkestone to London is delightful; the scenery of old England is beautifully pastoral; the greenest of downs imaginable, where great flocks of sheep graze placidly. A sense of great peace over all that is restful and cheering. A little history of England won't come amiss at this time. By consulting our map we find that England, including Wales, is in the southern and larger portion of the island of Great Britain. It has a coast line of over 2,500 miles. Its most important cities are London, Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Nottingham, Bradford and Hull.

London is the capital of the British Empire. It is the largest city in the world and is situated in the southeast part of England, on either side of the river Thames (pronounced "Tems"). It stretches about 14 miles east and west and about 10 miles north and south. It has a population of over seven and one-half million.

Among the principal streets are Piccadilly, Pall Mall, the Strand, Fleet and Oxford streets. The fine shops are located on Regent street, the handsomest street in the city. The Thames embankment on the north, or Middlesex side, known as Victoria embankment, forms a splendid thoroughfare and is the site of important buildings, fine grounds and statues. The principal parks are Hyde Park and Regent Park. In Regent Park, situated in the northwest of London, north of Hyde Park, are the Zoological Gardens, which has the largest collection of animals

in the world. The British Museum contains the great national collection, and is in the heart of the city, you might say.

Historically London is intensely interesting, for it has a remarkable history. In the reign of Claudius (41-54 A. D.) the southern part of Britain was made a Roman province, and London became a Roman station. About the year 306, in the time of Constantine, the Romans fortified and walled the city, and it became an important commercial center. In the fifteenth century the plague of sweating sickness raged several years. This was followed (in 1664) by the great plague which raged furiously for nearly two years and killed 69,000 persons. In 1666 the great fire occurred and destroyed 14,000 houses, 90 churches and many public buildings. The population and trade from that time on increased rapidly. In 1759 the British Museum, founded on Sir Hans Sloane's collections purchased by the Government, was opened.

Not long after this the streets began to be named and street numbers appeared on the houses. In 1781 the Gordon riots took place and great havoc was wrought by an infuriated mob who seized and held London for two days. The old houses of parliament were burned down in 1834. The new buildings were commenced in 1840. The great international exhibition was held in Hyde Park in 1851, and many similar exhibitions followed. London has improved rapidly and kept pace with modern progress from that time on. One of the notable improvements was the building of the Thames Embankment and the Holborn Viaduct.

We find London a surprise instead of a disappointment. You cannot imagine how delightful it is to get into a country where the people speak our own language. After several months of foreign languages one fairly hungers to hear good old United States, and when you meet a man or woman with "English spoken" plainly discernible on the countenance one feels like falling on their neck for pure joy of speaking to a fellow creature in our own tongue.

We have heard, of course, all our lives that London was a city of fogs. Fortunately for us we arrive there on the brightest day imaginable, and during our stay of eight days we have

perfect weather, without the slightest hint of fog. We are duly grateful for this, because if the fog had settled on the city, we are told, sight-seeing would end and we would be glad to hover over a cozy grate-fire and stay indoors in the yellow twilight which prevails. We find the English people very courteous and obliging, although rather hard to get acquainted with. The hotels are excellent and compare favorably with our own at home. To our intense joy we find the English breakfast somewhat patterned after our own. The Englishman eats a substantial morning meal; he has fruit, a cereal, followed by a rasher of broiled bacon or a mutton chop, potatoes, toast and marmalade (always orange marmalade) and tea. Our first English breakfast,—how we do enjoy it.

We have no difficulty finding our way around in London. We had fear we would become hopelessly confused, but we are not. It is a very compact city. Double-deck tram motors convey the traffic by the thousands. You never saw so many trams in your life. Of course London trams are conveyances that take the place of our electric street cars at home. They are built much on the order of a large bus, but have two stories; the second or top story having seats for passengers, reached by a narrow winding staircase running one end of the bus. You have to hang on with a good grip and climb up on top, but it is well worth the effort, for one can spend hours upon hours of enjoyment riding on the top of London trams and watching the stream of humanity, the endless chains of taxis, motors, trams and vehicles of every description that thread the busy thoroughfares of this great bustling beehive.

We spend two or three days in this way, taking a different tram each day, going clear to the extreme confines of the city in every direction. We get a good glimpse of the London suburbs—the pretty little homes, with well-kept lawns and hedges, on the outskirts of this great city.

We spend one day at Westminster Abbey, the world famous burial place, where the Kings and Queens and great men and women of English history sleep their long last sleep. It would take pages to describe the thousand and one things of interest in the wonderful old Abbey.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

Sunday we go to St. Paul's Cathedral. It is one of the oldest Catholic cathedrals in London, and here is where we find the tomb of the Duke of Wellington. It is a magnificent edifice.

In the afternoon we take a drive and see Buckingham Palace, the city residence of King George and Queen Mary of England. It is a stately, imposing building on the exterior, and we are told that Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle are two of the finest palaces in Europe.

Of course we are all anxious to visit the London shops and see how they compare with those in Paris and other foreign cities. To our surprise they are much more interesting than the French shops and are better equipped structurally. We find Selfridge's store an almost exact counterpart of Marshall Field's store in Chicago, the only difference being a building on a little smaller scale, but still a colossal building and establishment. Even the plate glass windows and exterior of the building is a miniature of the Field store. The windows are tastefully decorated and the goods harmoniously arranged and displayed to the best advantage. Even a tea-room on one of the upper rooms is fitted out like our own at home. We have a jolly morning, exploring to our heart's content. We are not coerced in any way to purchase, but are waited upon deferentially and given good service. We lunch in the tea-room and have quite a pleasant little luncheon, save for the fact we had to wait some little time owing to the large crowd of guests being served. However, we find it a pleasant experience and it reminds us of home, and we long for that good old home town, Chicago, more than ever.

Another very fine shop in London is Liberty's. It is a specialty house, dealing in the most exquisite fabrics for women's gowns, robes, etc. The windows are elegantly decorated with the most magnificent display of beautiful things imaginable. There are many other good shops in London, but of course the ones that appeal to us the most are the two above mentioned. Both of these shops compare favorably with our own in New York or Chicago.

Before it slips our mind, we must speak of a custom in England that has made us wonder a little bit. Maybe we are a

A LONDON CROWD

little old-fashioned in our notions, but—well, to get down to the point—we notice that every English child wears sox instead of stockings, exposing the limb from the shoetop to the knee. As the weather is raw and cold we can not resist the temptation to speak of this to a saleslady in one of the shops. How the subject came up, anyway, was upon inquiry for light woolen underwear for our little "kiddy," who felt the cold winds from the English Channel.

"Union suits of light woolen, please," we ask.

Little garments to the knee are shown.

"I want them with the long leg instead of these cut off at the knee."

"We don't carry that kind of a garment, madam."

We try several other shops, but none of them carry such garments. Finally we can stand it no longer and we inquire what the little English "kiddies" do for long-legged underwear in the winter.

"Why, they never wear them," said the saleslady in surprise.

"But in the winter?" we gasped in amazement. "You don't mean to say that they wear sox and go bare-legged all winter?"

"Yes, madam, surely," smiles our informant.

And then we ponder and wonder how these little folk stand the cold winds on their little legs. We notice that their little shanks are mighty thin, most of them, and we ponder some more and wonder how mothers can take such awful chances to harden their children by exposing their delicate extremities in cold weather. One of the tenderest parts of a child's body, any good reliable physician will tell you, is its knees and calves. Maybe we are old-fashioned and not up to snuff, but really we don't admire the habit of such display of limb by either sex, particularly when the child is past the age of three or four. Girls eight and ten follow this fashion, and it does not appeal to our peculiar American ideas of propriety or health.

Everyone has afternoon tea in England. Tea is served at four o'clock, or a few minutes thereafter, each day. With it is served small cakes, sandwiches, muffins, or anything of that

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON

description; it is a matter of individual taste. It is a fashion, or, custom—I guess would be the better word—that is rather attractive,—not from the tea-drinking feature of it, but because it brings together members of the family in a more intimate relationship. There is something about eating a bite and a sup with a friend or member of the household that chases away the blues, brightens one, at least, for a time, and breaks the monotony of the day, and, if one is overworked, harassed and fatigued, it is restful physically as well as mentally. We had our tea carousals, the same as the rest of them, but we found that it invariably spoiled our evening dinner. They dine rather late in London; they stay up rather late, too, and the consequence is business does not really begin in the morning much before ten o'clock. While London is a busy bee-hive of a city, the people do not have that air of hurry and rush that is so prevalent in America. They do not scramble along the streets as we do in our big cities; they take life easier. No liquor is sold after midnight. We went to the Hippodrome one evening to see the performance, and after it was over followed the crowd to a popular lobster palace for a bite after the theater. At five minutes of twelve the lights began to dim and our waiter warned us to hurry, as the doors would close and all guests must be gone on the stroke of the midnight hour. We couldn't help but wonder if the rule was so well enforced in the wicked part of London,—that seething maelstrom of vice, that underlying strata of a great city.

We have a delightful drive and visit the many places of interest made famous by the great English writer, Charles Dickens. The Old Curiosity Shop is one of the sights of the city.

Our time in the great English metropolis is far too short, and, to our great regret, we find we must turn homeward. We have decided to go home, for the sake of variety and because all other lines are crowded, by the English Royal line, sailing from Bristol, England, for Montreal.

Bristol is known as the cathedral city of England. It is situated partly in Gloucestershire, partly in Somersetshire, and forms a county in itself. It has many fine suburbs, such as

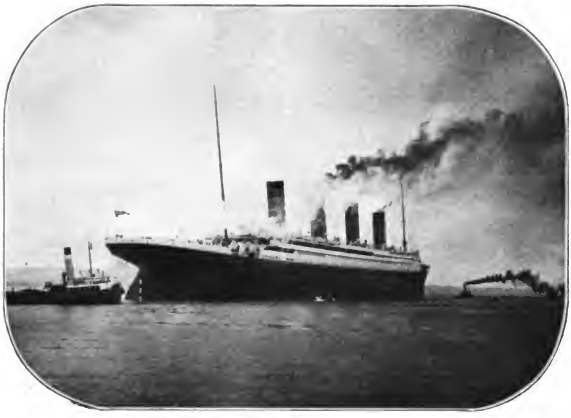
"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

AN ICEBERG JUST OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Clifton, on the opposite side of the Avon, and connected with Bristol by a suspension bridge 703 feet long and 245 feet above high-water mark.

For three days after sailing we have excellent weather, and then we strike the equinoctial gales. Our ship was built for Mediterranean service and is far too light and topheavy for Atlantic travel, and she rolls and pitches most distressingly in the heavy seas. Soon our happy, merry party is turned into a disconsolate, wretched crowd, battling with the dreaded mal de mer.

One not familiar with what heavy gales mean on the ocean, has not the slightest conception of a storm at sea until he has by actual experience gone through it. We are told that our Captain has taken the northerly course, which is 150 miles north of the route taken by all steamers since the terrible Titanic disaster, and there is a vague feeling of unrest among the passengers when they learn of the northerly course having been taken. The reason for this decision was because an iceberg expert was



THE ILL-FATED TITANIC

on board with a new scientific apparatus to experiment in the locating of icebergs in the vicinity of the ship. After three days of terribly rough weather we pass out of the gale zone and enter the ice fields, just off the coast of Labrador, in the Straits of Belle Isle, where we meet our first iceberg. It is about four o'clock in the afternoon when the first one is sighted, and the passengers are soon hanging over the rail with glasses eagerly searching the horizon for a sight of the dreaded monsters of the seas. Finally it becomes apparent to the naked eye, and, in an hour, we can see it plainly. It is of stupendous dimensions. A blue steel-white, glistening in the last rays of sunlight,—a most magnificent, but terrifying spectacle. Others follow in rapid succession, and we see nine all at one time. The nearest one is probably 5 miles away, but we are all uneasy as night is fast approaching. By eight o'clock the lookout declares there are no icebergs to be seen, but, to our great distress, a heavy fog settles and envelopes us in a gray blanket. Our good Captain, known as one of the most careful in the service, instantly

stops the ship, and we lay at anchor for four hours until the fog has lifted.

We pass in the vicinity of the grave of the lost Titanic and our hearts are deeply touched by the memory of that appalling catastrophe, which was never so clearly brought home to us until we were actually on shipboard at the mercy of the deep and battling with the elements ourselves.

On the morning of the ninth day we sail into Quebec, 36 hours late owing to heavy weather; friends and relatives anxiously keeping wires hot inquiring for the ship's arrival. We have just passed quarantine, the quarantine boat has slipped alongside and we have taken the officers aboard for quarantine examination. The first cabin passengers are merely questioned by having to fill out a card regarding residence, etc. Second and third class and steerage are all personally examined by the officers. We gather on our deck to watch the examination of the steerage. We see the officers standing at a gateway. The immigrant pauses in front of him and he glances at the person's eyes; a half dozen pass through quickly, one after the other, after a sharp scrutiny. The sixth man is stopped, given a closer examination, and told to stand to one side and remain there for further examination. Mothers with babes in their arms are closely examined, first the eyes, then the children's necks, the eyes for the dread trachoma, the necks and faces for eruptions denoting contagious diseases, such as scarlet fever, smallpox, etc., etc. It takes several hours to examine the steerage passengers and by this time there is a line of maybe a dozen waiting for a more thorough examination. Their faces are pale and frightened; many do not understand the import of it all. When it is all over those who are to be further examined are taken to steerage quarters and, in many cases, required to partially disrobe and a thorough examination given.

We are all dining in the dining-room when, to our utter horror, we are told the ship is turning around, that she has been ordered back to quarantine, that there is a case of smallpox in the steerage. We are greatly alarmed, not because of the smallpox so much as the thought of being quarantined on a Govern-

ment island for 30 days. Everyone is too excited to eat; they leave the tables and gather on the decks, where the situation is speculated upon. A half hour later the ship again turns and we learn, to our great delight, we have been told by wireless to proceed; that the case is not smallpox after all. The suspected persons had been removed by the quarantine boat, and we were on our way, in the first place, when the wireless message came to "Return to quarantine, smallpox suspected." Half way back to the Island another wireless—"Proceed. All O. K.," and we are on our way again rejoicing.

We have made pleasant acquaintances on ship board, and there is a feeling of regret for the breaking up of many congenial parties. Au revoir is said, and we see the artistic outlines of the Chateau de Frontenac, at Quebec, on the great cliff overhanging the unsurpassable St. Lawrence river. How good the familiar scenes of America, our sister nation, Canada, seemed to our eyes. The feeling of patriotism for our own blessed land, the sight of the glorious stars and stripes. Europe may have her historical hunting grounds, for she is the mother of antiquity. But give me the blessed land of the stars and stripes, for, in my opinion, it is the greatest nation in the world, and I would rather be the humblest American citizen walking on American soil than the most powerful potentate of Europe. God bless this great, new country of ours, for it is surely the land of promise and golden opportunity, the melting pot of the world's nationalities, where the native sons of every foreign clime are, in the space of one short generation, transformed into splendid American citizenship. One of the greatest faults of our generation is the lack of patriotism, which should be instilled in the minds of our girls and boys of today—our sons and daughters, the youth of today—the men and women of the future.

Oh, my country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty; God bless you to blaze the trail for the good of all mankind.